

The Robert W. Gordon "Inferno" Collection in the Archive of Folk Song, Library of Congress

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This PDF version was produced 16 August 2004 from a photocopy of the typescript which was received courtesy of Abby Sale.

Sincerely,

John Mehlberg

The Robert W. Gordon "Inferno" Collection
in the Archive of Folk Song, Library of Congress

KEY: MS number; number of pages in MS; contributor's name,
place, date;

Title (number of pages in song-text type-
script); additional commentary.

[See also p. ii, bottom]

R.W. Gordon Adventure MSS

246; 5; E.S. Fowlds, Hidalgo, Mex., 9/17/23;

Bollocky Bill the Sailor (1);
Inky Dinky Parlez Vous (1).
Mama, malade, Papa Zigzag, (1); fragment.
Francie and Josie (1).
She was Poor but She was Honest (1).
La Sombra de un Palmar (1).
A las Poches de California (1); fragment.
Lady Lil (1); fragment-first line only.
La Cucuracha (1).

265; 3; John L. Bracken, written at sea, 10/20/23;

[Never Let a sailor boy get an inch above
your knee]. (1); two-line request. [first line]

271; 1; D.C. Stearns, Cleveland, Ohio, 11/15/23;

[Sister you'll be called upon] (1); two-line
request. [first line].

333; 2; E.S. Lawson, Evanston, Illinois, 5/8/24;

The Little Dutch Soldier From Over The
Rhine (1); two-line fragment, learned as
child.

365; 7; J.N. West, Bayonne, New Jersey, 11/10/24;

Sally Brown (1); last verse only.
A Long Time Ago (1).
Roll The Cotton Down (1); learned from
an old Irishman.
[Every ship has a capstan] (1); request, [first line]

385; 5; H.W. McCormick, Ypsilanti, Michigan, 5/1/25;

Dirty Old Brown (1).

448; 12; Theodore Lancaster,--, 12/--/27;

Lulu (1).

There once was a gay Don d'Illo (1).

474; 7; L.P. Richmond, Schenectady, New York, 1/2/23;

The Jolly Fisherman (1); learned from a man who claimed it came from a New England fisherman.

480; 4; Cousin Jack, --, undated;

Bolakee Bill The Sailor (2); somewhat expurgated by contributor.

481; 6; Ray Keller, Lewiston, Idaho, 5/26/25;

Frankie and Johnnie (1); "mild" version of the song learned by contributor in California. [Cocaine]; chorus: "O, baby, honey, cook a pill for me." Learned around Frisco and Barbary coast and expurgated by contributor.

482; 4; William F. Burroughs, DuBois, Maryland, 12/12/26;

[When I was young and foolish] (1); first line, learned on the U.S.S. Intrepid, includes the line "Never let a sailor get an inch above your knee!"

Ring Dang Doo (1); "circulated throughout the navy, and on a few merchant ships."

The Little Red Pants That Maggie Wore. (1); popular up and down the C and O canal around 1914.

738; 3; Lee Gotcher, ^{Amos} Los Angeles, California, 5/10/24;

[Little Ball of Yarn] (1); first line: "I placed my arms around her waist," fragment.

779; #9; Allen P. Wescott, (Field Artillery School) Fort Sill, Oklahoma, 10/6/24;

[I'd rather be a pimp to a Mexican whore] (1); [first line] Sung by the regulars of 1917-18 and previously, according to contributor.

999; (4); Francis Boyer, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 4/8/25;

Frankie (2); a conglomerate of the versions the contributor learned at Harvard ('16) and in the army.

three.

1008; 2; H.L. Davis, The Dalles, Oregon, 4/15/25;

Frankie and Johnny (1); one stanza.

1020; 5; Donald C. Foster, Binghamton, New York, 4/14/25;

Frankie and Johnny (3); learned as student in
Ithaca, New York, (Cornell Univ.) 1912-1913.

1069; 4; John R. Spears, Utica, New York, 3/20/25;

Away Rio (1).

1109; 5; William F. Burroughs, Mount Ranier, Maryland, 4/30/25;

The Fair Young Maiden (Modern Swab Wringer's
Version) (1); [Abram Brown the Sailor]
Lulu (1)
Parlez Vous (1); [Mademoiselle from Armentieres]

1156; 5; C. Becker, Chicago, Illinois, 5/14/25;

Frankie and Johnnie (3); first heard in Camp
Mills, Long Island in 1917, and various other
times in the army.

1261; 2; Charles Bell Emerson, Los Gatos, California, 8/10/25;

The Whores Lament (1); Laws Q 26, two-line
fragment.

1590; 10; J.F. Peverley, Dixon, Missouri, 5/28/24;

[The devil and the dutch/and the dun cow fit,]
(1); [first²line] fragment of four lines.
learned as a boy, "evidently reffering to a
spanish Itallian war"

1744; 5; Robert Hale, New York City, New York, before June 3, 1926;

[The bear went over the mountain] (1); [first
line] learned in a hobo meeting in the North-
west c.1926. Contributor notes that the song
is sung to the tune of Pop Goes The Weasel.
[Say, boys, thats where my money goes] (1);
[chorus] Contributor notes that this is "another
tired Tommy song".

1752; 3; Wheaton H. (Skin) Brewer, Berkeley, California, 5/6/26;

The Weaver (1); Laws O3, Contributor heard this
from the rangers in the Sierras.

1763; 5; R.W. Yearley, Quincy, Illinois, 5/28/26;

The Ring Dang Do (1); sung by a sailor to the
tune of "How Dry I Am".
[Schnapoo] (1); [chorus] First line is "A young
Dutch soldier came over the Rhine,".

2010; 11; C.W. Loutzenhiser, Chicago, Illinois, 10/21/26;

[The Beautiful lakes of Australur] (1); [first
line and chorus] Music included from letter
2179 (11/9/26) of the same contributor.

2036; 8; Hubert L. Canfield, Pittsford, New York, 10/27/26;

Christopho (1); fragment of one line: "The
white of an egg ran down her leg." Type-
script has summary of the letter. Contributor
postulates the songs existence during the Civil
War.

2061; 6; Joseph F. McGinnis, Brooklyn, New York, 11/01/26;

Slim Jones' House (1); Continued in letter 2100
(11/11/26). Both letters included in the
six MSS pages.

2087; 6; Hubert Canfield, Pittsford, New York, 11/5/26;

Frankie and Johnnie (3); "The version that
Carl Sanberg says is the best he's seen."
Frankie and Johnnie (2); "Miscellaneous stanzas"

2148; 3; J.J. Burke, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 2/15/26;

Hinky Dinky Parlez Voo (or Mademoiselle from
Armentiers) (1); heard it sung overseas.

2168; 4; J.F. McGinnis, Brooklyn, New York, 11/20/26;

[The Sea Crab] (1); Contributor remembers only
two stanzas but gives a prose summary of the
rest, which is also contained in the typescript.
Bollicky Bill the Sailor (1).

2186; 5; William F. Burroughs, DuBois, Maryland, 12/3/26;

[Mah fathah's in tha workhouse] (1); [first line]
fragment ---one verse that Contributor says "
seems to be complete", from Washington.D.C.

five.

[Eyes right, assholes tight] (1): [first line]
"from the Lanca'shire Lassies at Manchester,
England." Three verses to three different tunes.
The Dying Hobo (1); one verse.

2188; 2; D.E. Little; Long Island City, New York, before 12/13/26;

The Fisherman's Friend (1); [The Sea Crab]
Contributor uncertain of last verse, has known
it for 45 years.

2377; 6; William F. Burroughs, DuBois, Maryland, 12/25/26;

[Oh John saw a tulip] (1); [first line] Parody of
"When You Wore a Tulip" learned by contributor
nine years earlier.
I Love My Wife (1); Contributor thinks that was
probably the title. He gives only a line of the
song which he describes in the letter.
[Down in Rio de Janeiro] (1); three lines of one
verse from a song he heard a sailor sing in Rio.

2383; 8; Frank Earnest, Sugar Loaf, Colorado, 1/20/27;

[Gaucho Song] (1); one verse in Spanish and English
translation. First line is : Mi tiene en la
esquina barbaro loco. (I have in the corner
crazy barbarian.)

2432; 3; Leonard Nason, Paris, France, before 1/22/27;

[Oh Feel o' my slimy belly] (1); [first line
of chorus] learned in the army, 1914.*
[Our first sergeant he's the worst of all] (1); ~~first line~~
[Oh, she don't act like she oughter] (1); first line

2434; 3; R.S. Spears, Inglewood, California, 11/19/26;

[Parson chased her round a stump] (1); four line
fragment.

2463; 5; Charles E. Roe, Hudson, Massachusetts, 1/27/27;

The Sparrer (1); Contributor attributes the
song to a drunken Cockney in his town, a
"long time ago".

2471; 5; Mellinger E. Henry, Ridgefield, New Jersey, 1/25/27;

The Ballade of the Skunk (1); from Canada or
upper New York State according to Contributor.

* 2432 - [Three Whores from Canada] is the title given by 2789 for the
same song.

The Gold Nugget (1); Prose-humorous story told entirely in dialogue.

2500; 4; Paul L. Jones, Waltham, Massachusetts, 1/28/27;

[Our Goodman] (1); two line fragment.

[Little Ball of Yarn] (1); four line fragment.

2537; 13; Earl J. Teets, Buffalo, New York, 2/2/27;

Hesitation Blues (1); Typescript includes description of the singing of the song. The Contributor says it is usually sung while swinging a pick. All Night Blues (1); Contributor learned it about 15 years ago when he was on a chain gang in Tennessee.

2561; 6; Charles E. Roe, Hudson, Massachusetts, 2/11/27;

[The old maid sat by the fah-yer] (1); [first line] "From a half crazy hostler in a livery stable in Newtonville, spring of 1897. Johnson's Boarders (1); "Sung by 'Greeley' a lumber-jack, in 1895." Said he learned in Maine, about 10 ~~ten~~ years before." Somewhat expurgated by C.E. Roe.

2578; 4; Frank A. Partridge, Lemoncove, California, before 2/17/27;

[I ast her for a little piece/of what she's setting on] (1); [first two lines].

2582; 4; M.D. Little, Long Island City, New York, 2/10/27;

The Sailor Boy (1); Contributor said he had forgotten parts of the verses.

2641; 4; M.D. Little, Long Island City, New York, 3/3/27;

[Oh Mother, dearest Mother,] (1); [first line], Contributor notes: "Scotch, before 1880, Canada.".

2711; 6; Frank A. Partridge, Auburn, California, before 4/27/27;

[Oh, the she cat sat on the barb-wire fence] (1); [first line of chorus] Fragment--chorus only.

2734; 7; Bill Nice, Crestwood Station, New York, 3/16/27;

Lulu (1); chorus only.

seven.

2739; 6; Earl Teets, Buffalo, New York, 4/2/27;

Name Unknown (1); First line: "Farewell to winter, farewell to frost,". Also includes a verse deriving from "The Riddle Song". Contributor heard it as a boy in New Jersey.

2752; 6; C.W. Loutzenhiser, Chicago, Illinois, before 4/29/27;

[The very first night that I lay down beside her] (1); Eight line fragment. Includes line about the woman's "set of false teeth and pair of glass eyes".

Billy Green (1); In the song text in the MSS the gentleman's name is Billy Grey.

2789; 8; Earl Teets, Buffalo, New York, 5/5/27;

Three Whores From Canada (1); typescript summarizes variations mentioned by Contributor.

3007; 3; Bill Nice, Crestwood Station, New Jersey, 5/31/27;

Lulu (1).

3009; 3; Frank A. Partridge, [no identification on this letter. Gordon has Partridge's name on the typescript, and the paper and typing are like his other letters to Gordon.]

[Good by gun, good by step] (1); [first line] ~~fifth~~ line of the one verse given is "Join the army, some shit!"

[You're in the army now, you're not behind the plow] (1); one verse--Contributor's note says "words to the bugle call--march flourish" according to the typescript. (Hand written in the margin of the MSS is "march flourish") [first line]

[All you soldiers in the grass] (1); [first line] Note in MSS and typescript is "Assembly".

3102; 5; Earl Teets, Buffalo, New York, after 4/10/27;

[Farewell to winter, farewell to frost] (1); [first line] The same as 2739.

3144; 9; Frank A. Partridge, Auburn, California, undated;

Mademoiselle (2); [Mademoiselle from Armentieres] Lulu (3); Partridge notes that there are two choruses. The Tennessee Servant Girl (1); includes the line "And never let a sailor boy an inch above your knee".

In the Back Room (1).

eight.

3359; 5; Ben A. Ranger, Santa Rosa, California, 6/5/27;

Miss Kitty O'Horey (1).

3711; 14; S.C. Wheeler, Seattle, Washington, 3/23/28;

Gypsy Davie (1); Not Child 200. The summary included in both MSS and typescript describes Laws Q 8. Only one verse is given, the first two lines of which are: "Oh I'll ship you off to China/ And I'll trade you off for tea."

3729; 6; E. Anderson, London, England, 11/23/28;

[Every ship has a cabin] (1); [first line] Contributor remembers only one verse and chorus, but gives description of the rest of song. (included in typescript).

3756; 11; C.E. Roe, [Identification penciled in, possibly by Gordon] 6/--/29;

Johnson's Boarders (1).

3773; 1; [Anonymous, according to typescript. No other identification

[I walked down the street like a nice girl should] (1); [first line]
[The Monkeys Have No Tails in Zamboanga] (1); one verse fragment. MSS has "A verse I hadn't heard before to the old familiar song."

3779; 5; Charles E. Roe, Hudson, Massachusetts, 6/20/30;

Frankie and Johnny (2); "This version has a Chicago atmosphere and setting."

3801; 1; Anonymous,-----, 1931;

[The Monkeys Have No Tails in Zamboanga] (1).

3802; 2; [No identification. Cornell paper, and a notation on the typescript by Gordon "from Cornell" and "--1931". Possibly from the Godfrey Irving MSS 3803]

Frankie and Johnny (2); heard from Wobbly ranch laborers near Boise, Idaho, 1910-12.

3803; 2; Godfrey Irving, New York, New York, 12/14/31;

The One-Eyed Reilly (1); heard from an Irish stoker off Belize, 1920. This version from the "Slime Sheet", Paris, 1930. Letter has "The One-Eyed Riley".

3781; 6; Charles E. Roe, Hudson, Massachusetts, 8/25/30;

The Old Chisolm Trail (3); "Additional verses from Slim Guyer, Montana".

3851; 9; Jean Bordeaux, Los Angeles, California, 2/6/32;

The Old Fool (2); [Child 274] Learned from a Nova Scotian farmhand 1898-99. Typescript includes detailed history and description of the song as the contributor knows it.

3866; No MSS copy; Anonymous [according to typescript];

[There was a rich merchant who sat on a rock] (1); [first line].

3900; 1; No MSS copy; Anonymous [according to typescript];

[Two little muts are in her guts, And they'll be out to-morrow] (1); [last two lines]

3901; 1; Anonymous [according to typescript];

On a tombstone (1); Epitaph of two lines.

3902; 6; Grantley W. Taylor, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 10/7/17;

[The Bastard King of England] (1); Contributor encloses letter of a friend who had sent him the song as he had learned it at Princeton. At Princeton to Taylor.

3903; 2; Emmet Dunn, Northampton, Massachusetts, 4/13/18;

[Oh it's home, boys home; it's home we ought to be] (1); [first line of chorus] "Evolved during the Mexican campaign." Evelina (1); Sung by a Washington D.C. at Fort Meyer.

3904; 2; Anonymous [according to typescript], June 1925 penciled on MS; [possibly by Gordon];

The Ballad of Chambers Street (Harvard Medical School) (4);

3904; 2; Anonymous [according to typescript];

[My name is Tannhauser] (1); [first line] MSS and typescript have note: "Variant of above with name, Jim Bowser."

[The Foggy Dew] (1).

3906; 2; No Identification;

[The Bastard King of England] (1).

3907; 3 (part of MSS missing); Stu Van Hook, No location or date available.

Christopher Columbo (2).

3909; 1; Arch., Monastery, 4/2/18 [Identification crossed out, this is what is visible. 1918 written in pencil, possibly by Gordon.]

[Christopho Columbo] (2).

3908; 1; No Identification;

[Christopho Columbo] (2).

3910; 1; Anonymous [according to typescript]

Lady Lill (1); arranged in verse form on typescript.

3911; 2; Anonymous, Cambridge, 1916 [Place and date penciled on MSS, possibly by Gordon. Typescript says "Anonymous"]

The Arse-hole of Zeus (2)

3912; 2; Anonymous, Cambridge, 1917, [Place and date penciled on MSS, possibly by Gordon. Typescript says "Anonymous"]

My Lulu (1)

[In the cottage next to mine] (1); [first line] Contributor includes note "Tune: 'In the Good Old Summer Time'" which appears in the typescript as well as the MSS

3913; 8; Ollie, 1044 Cornell Rd., ??, 3/3/18 [This is all the decipherable identification that the letter, addressed to Lee, signed Ollie, provided. 1918 is added in pencil, possibly by Gordon.]

Possibly from Cleveland, Ohio, according to comments in the letter.

[The mountaineers have curly ears] (1);

[first line] four line fragment.

[Ring Dang Doo] (1).

The Old King Arose (1); [The Sea Crab].

[No balls at all] (1); [chorus]

[Don't look at me that way, mister] (1);

[first line] MSS says this is a recitation.

Oh Noah (1).

3914; 1; Anonymous [According to typescript];

The Key Hole In The Door (1).

3915; 1; M.D. Little [According to typescript];

Flash Nell (1); Contributor postulates origin of the song in London, adding information about words in the song. The tune is given as "The Flash Frigate"

3916; 1; Broadside, Manila, P.I., July 4th, 1899;

An Incident of the Late War (2); First line is: "Don Camara, Don Camara, you are a funny creature." A parody of the first verse is included on the same Broadside, the first line of it being: "Don Camara, Don Camara, we've read in song and story."

3917; No MSS copy; Anonymous [according to typescript];

Sally (1); four line stoungue-twister.

3918; 1; -----, Lark Hill, Salisbury Plains, 11/--/14;

As I Was Going To Salisbury(1).

3919; 1; F. Gregory Hartswick,---,---;

[The old red bull came down from the mountain] (1); This and the following item appear in an unknown, undated newspaper clipping, under the title "Lumberjack Chanteys".

One-Eyed Reilly (1): refrain only. Appears in newspaper clipping, as above.

3920; 3; Unidentified Contributor. Newspaper clipping possibly from Denver, Colorado, 1/27/24;

The Whores Lament (1).

The Cowboy's Lament (1); From a newspaper clipping (The Sunday Gazette and Telegraph) which recounts the claim of E.N. Maynard to authorship of the song.

[NOTE: Brackets appear around information that is not set forth exactly as in the MSS. They also appear around titles that I gave to items. When the title was a first line or a chorus, that information appears in the commentary also surrounded by brackets.]

R.W. Gordon California MSS

239; 1; No Identification;

Blow the Man Down (0); includes false parts motif.

240; 1; A.M. Turner,--, 8/24/23;

Fire Down Below (1); "Pumping or Capstan chanty".

241; 1; A.M. Turner,--, 8/24/23;

Handy, Me Boys, Be Handy (1); "To'gallan's'l
halyards chanty."

242; 1 (on same page of MSS as above); A.M. Turner, --, 8/24/23;

[So blow ye winds in the mornin'] (1); [first
line] "Fragment--Capstan Chanty".

248; 1; A.M. Turner,--, 8/24/23;

Rikki Dikki Doo Da Day(1).

377; 4; Wheaton H. (Skin) Brewer; ---, 3/23/27;

The Appleknocker's Lament (1); similar to
"The Big Rock Candy Mountain".

378; Included in above MSS; Wheaton H. (Skin) Brewer,--, 3/23/27;

The Song of Amy (1); One fragmentary verse of
"Amy MacPherson"

379; 2; No Identification;

Hinky Dink (2); [Mademoiselle from Armentieres]
MSS includes note: "Das ist viel genug". Secondar
title is: "the official song of the
A.E.F."

380; No Identification;

[My father was hung as a horse thief] (1);
[first line] Four line fragment with note "1911
Sullivan County, Missouri".

381; No Identification;

[Frankie and Johnnie] (1); three verse fragment.

382; No Identification;

[Frankie and Johnnie] (1); Three verses and
first line of fourth.

383; No Identification;

Johnnie and Frankie (2).

384; 1; No Identification;

[My name is Bob Baker] (1); [first line] one verse.

385; 1; Anonymous [according to typescript];

Mobile (1).

386; 1; Anonymous [according to typescript];

Hesitation Blues (1).

387; 1; Anonymous [according to typescript];

Samuel Hall (1).

388; 1; Anonymous [according to typescript];

Lydia Pinkham (1).

389; 1; Anonymous [according to typescript];

Bocardy Bill The Sailor (1).

390; 1; Anonymous [according to the typescript];

The King of England (1); [The Bastard King of
England].

391; 1; Anonymous [according to typescript];

Lydia's Compound (1); [Lydia Pinkham].

392; 1; Anonymous [according to typescript];

[Five little heifers grazing in the valley] (1);
[first line] Four line fragments of "The
Little Black Bull" learned c. 1894, Nova Scotia.

393; 4; Andrew M. Turner, Berkeley, California, 12/12/25;

[Three Men Went A'Hunting] (1); learned in
Australia.

394; 3; L.C. Lockley, Berkeley, California, 5/--/23;

[A sailor man came home one night as drunk as
drunk could be] (1); [first line] Child 274.

395-408; 17; Anonymous; Berkeley, California, 1923;
MSS Entitled "Songs and Fragments Common Among Young Men"

395; I'm A Weaver (1); learned on the Monterey
Peninsula among laborers c. 1920.

399; [The steward went below Whoo-oo-oo]; [first line]

400; [Oh mother, oh mother, have you a daughter,
Snap-oo, snap-oo] (1); [first line].

401; [Those hardy sons of bitches] (1); [last line
chorus] includes many verses made up by a soldier
while in quarantine with nothing else to do.

402; The Spanish Countilio (1).

403; Frankie and Johnnie (2).

404; The Bastard King of England (1).

406; [Toodle um toodle um too] (1); 8 line fragment,
by an art student in New York City, 1917.

407; [Floating down the river, sitting on the stern]
(1); fragment of four lines learned by an art
student in New York City, 1917.

Davids MSS Written down by R.M. Davids, Cross X Ranch, Woodmere
Florida, c. 1924. Sent in to R.W. Gordon by J.C. Colcord
12/21/29.

pp. 5-6: Boring for Oil (1);

p. 8: [I swear to God I'll go w/haling no more] (1);
[last line] three line fragment.

pp. 9-10: I'll Go No More A Roving (1).

pp. 11-12: John and Sue (1).

p. 13: The Handsome Cabin Boy (1).

p. 14: Pretty Peggy (1).

pp. 19-20: The Little Dutch Soldier From Over The Rhine
Rhine (1).

p. 20: Little Ball of Yarn (1).

p. 22: Anything (1).

p. 24: Down Derry Down (1).

pp. 31-32: ~~Abram Brown the Sailor~~ (1).

pp. 35-36: The Keyhole in the Door (1).

pp. 37-38: Jackie and His Master (1).

R.W. Gordon Georgia Collection MSS

560; 2; No Identification;

Uncle Bill (1); Note on typescript says :
"Sung in 1908 in Georgia near Atlanta--
work song, cotton picking."

The Gordon Collections

Manuscript and Recorded Collections Acquired
and/or Indexed by Robert Winslow Gordon
in the Archive of Folk Culture

Robert Winslow Gordon was the first head of the Archive
of American Folk-Song, Library of Congress, 1928-1932.

Compiled by Joseph C. Hickerson
and Gregory Jenkins

- Arthur Mss. See Odum-Arthur Mss.
- Boyd Mss. Ca. 125 songs contributed by T. B. Boyd, Alliance, North Carolina, 1926-27. Indexed. Original typescript in Archive.
- Davids Mss. Thirty-three songs contributed by Joanna Colcord, New York, New York, December 1929, obtained from R. M. Davids, Woodmere, Florida, ca. 1924. Indexed. Original manuscript and two typescript copies in Archive.
- Frothingham Mss. One hundred thirty-seven letters containing queries and songs contributed to Robert Frothingham, editor of the "Old Songs That Men Have Sung" column of Adventure Magazine, 1922-23. Indexed. Original letters and two typescript copies of texts in Archive.
- Galt Mss. Ca. 115 songs, presumably obtained from Nellie Galt, Louisville, Kentucky, ca. 1928, and corresponding recordings numbered D3 through D9 and E4. Indexed. Some of these recordings presumably in Archive, but no transcriptions.
- Gordon Collection: California
- Ca. four hundred songs and groups of texts acquired by Robert Winslow Gordon while he lived in California, ca. 1920-23. The first part corresponds with cylinder recordings numbered 1-131. Indexed. Recordings and original manuscripts numbered ca. 240-400 in Archive.
- Gordon Collection: Georgia

Five hundred fifty-five songs acquired by Robert Winslow Gordon while he resided at a "field station" in Darien, Georgia, primarily during the years 1926-28. The first half corresponds with cylinder recordings numbered A203 through ca. A562. Indexed. Recordings only in Archive.

Gordon Collection: N.C.

Three hundred seventy-four songs acquired by Robert Winslow Gordon during a field trip in North Carolina, October-December 1925. Texts 1-298 correspond with cylinder recordings A1-A202. Indexed. Recordings, one typescript of the whole, and two typescripts of 1-298 in Archive.

Gordon Mss. Three thousand eight hundred fifty-eight letters containing songs and queries contributed to Robert Winslow Gordon, editor of the "Old Songs That Men Have Sung" column of Adventure Magazine, 1923-29, plus additional letters and texts dating from 1911-32. Indexed. Original letters and two typescript copies of texts (one bound: M1629.G65) in Archive.

Hanford Mss. Eight songs contributed by J. H. Hanford, Cleveland, Ohio, obtained from Esther Stover, Cleveland, January 12, 1930, who learned them from her father in Iowa City, Iowa. Indexed. Original typescript and two typescript copies in Archive.

Henry Mss. Sixty-one southern Appalachian songs contributed by Mellinger Edward Henry, Ridgewood, New Jersey, 1928-29. Most texts and headnotes were subsequently published by Henry in the Journal of American Folklore and in Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands (New York: J. J. Augustin, 1938). Indexed. Original typescript and two typescript copies in Archive.

"Inferno" Collection

Bawdy and related songs taken from the following collections: 128 from the Gordon Mss collection; 32 from the Gordon Collection: California; 13 from the Davids Mss.; and 1 from the Gordon Collection: Georgia. Not indexed. Original manuscripts and two typescript copies in Archive.

Johnson Mss. Fifteen songs contributed by Guy B. Johnson, University of North Carolina, ca. 1929, written down by Walter Jordon of New York City, as he learned them in the South twenty years before. Not indexed. Original manuscript and two typescript copies in Archive.

McAdams thesis. "The Folk-Songs of the American Negro -- A Collection of Unprinted Texts Preceded by a General Survey of the Traits of Negro Song," collected and annotated by Nettie F. McAdams (Master's thesis, University of California, Berkeley, 1923). Ca. 140 songs. Indexed. Bound typescript in Archive (ML3556.M112).

- McGinnis Mss. Ca. 130 sea chanties and songs with music contributed by Joseph F. McGinnis, Brooklyn, New York, 1928-29. Indexed. Original manuscript returned in 1929.
- McIlhenny Mss. Three hundred twenty-five page manuscript entitled "Louisiana Negro Spirituals," containing 125 texts and tunes compiled by E. A. McIlhenny, Avery Island, Louisiana. Indexed. Microfilm copy in Music Division (Music 0025). See McIlhenny's Befe' de War Spirituals (Boston: Christopher Publishing House, 1933 [M1670.M15B4]).
- Neal-Brown Co. Songs
- "Brown County Songs and Ballads," collected and annotated by Mabel Evangaline Neal (Master's thesis, Indiana University, 1926). One hundred eighty-three pages containing one hundred songs. Indexed. Bound photostat copy in Archive (M1629.N48B8).
- Newcomb Mss. Four hundred three-page photostat manuscript entitled "Songs My Mother Sang," containing 210 texts and 101 tunes from New Hope, Kentucky, contributed by Mary Newcomb, Louisville, Kentucky, 1929-30. Indexed. Not in Archive.
- Newcomb Mss. (Additional)
- One hundred two songs from Kentucky contributed by Mary Newcomb, Louisville, Kentucky, 1930-31. Indexed. One typescript copy in Archive.
- Odum-Arthur Mss. Eighty-three songs contributed by Howard W. Odum, University of North Carolina, July 10, 1929, obtained from J. D. Arthur of Tennessee. Indexed. Original typescript and two typescript copies in Archive.
- Phillips Mss. Twenty-two songs contributed by R. W. Phillips, Akeley, Minnesota, March 22, 1924. Indexed. Original manuscript and two typescript copies in Archive.
- Purcell Mss. One hundred eight songs with music contributed by Margaret Purcell, Greenwood, Virginia, ca. 1929. Indexed. Not in Archive.
- Winger Mss. Two collections of ca. 125 songs obtained from Betty Bush Winger, Point Pleasant, West Virginia, including black songs from Miss Winger's home in the Ozark region of Missouri. Manuscript II corresponds with ca. twenty-five recordings made by Gordon at Point Pleasant, 1931-32. Indexed. Typescripts in Archive; recordings presumably in Archive.

Additional R. W. Gordon manuscript collections may be located at the Randal V. Mills Memorial Archive of Northwest Folklore, University of Oregon.

For detailed biographical information on R. W. Gordon, see Debora Kodish's unbound Master's thesis entitled "Good Friends and Bad Enemies: Robert Winslow Gordon and American Folksong Scholarship," located in the Archive, and her book entitled Good Friends, Bad Enemies: Robert Winslow Gordon and the Study of American Folksong (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1986 [ML423.G69K6 1986]).

To obtain copies of the manuscripts and recordings in the Gordon collection and other collections in the Archive of Folk Culture, please request a copy of the "Photoduplication Service Price List" and the Guide to the Collections of Recorded Folk Music and Folklore in the Library of Congress.

END

This ascii version prepared for Internet. For a published version please write to The American Folklife Center, Library of Congress, Washington, DC 20540.

c 1924

BORING FOR OIL

As I walked out one morning in May
I met a fair damsel and to her did say
It's all for a fortune I am willing to toil
If you'll show me some place to go boring for oil.

She stammered, she stammered, kind sir, I declare,
I know of a place and I've nursed it with care,
And no one has seen it since I was a child
And I'll show you there's no trouble in boring for oil.

Oh, I had not bored down more than six inches or so,
When the oil from my well it so freely did flow,
She screamed and she hollered Oh my character's spoiled
You've busted my hamgut while boring for oil. ?

c 1924

No more, no more, no more, no more,
While I sit on my chest with my feet on the floor
I swear to God I'll go whaling no more.

(Or as the rough has it--)
With my arse on my chest, &c.

R. M. Davids

I'LL GO NO MORE A ROVING

In Amsterdam there lived a maid,
Now mark well what I say.
In Amsterdam there lived a maid,
And she was mistress of a trade.

I'll go no more a roving, for you fair maid,
I'll go no more a roving, for rovings been my ruin,
I'll go no more a roving, for you fair maid.

In Amsterdam there lived a maid,
Now mark well what I say.
In Amsterdam there lived a maid
And she did have a maidenhead.

I laid this maid down on the bed,
Now mark well what I say.
I laid this maid down on the bed
And slote away her maidenhead.

I laid this maid over in such style
Now mark well what I say.
I laid this maid over in such style
That in nine months she had a child.

JOHN AND SUE

One bright summer's morning the sun was brightly shining,
When Dame Margaret told her daughter Sue for market to get ready,
And John would bear her company, a lad sedate and steady.

John went along to drive the horse so away they went together
With nothing much to talk about but the neighbors and the weather.

And when going along the road close to a barley field, sir,
Sue saw a bull, in vigor full, leap upon a cow, sir.

Say, John, says she, how can he tell when the cow's a mind for it,
Or is the cow by nature turned continually inclined for it?

Oh, no, said John, the cow does stink when in that situation
And the bull full well the stink does smell and knows her inclination.

And then the weather being warm Sue unloosed her gown bethought her
And John saw her bubbles sticking out and his mouth began to water.

Then something in John's breeches rose that made his conscience stagger
So stiff it grew the buttons flew, out popped his tallywagger.

Then Susan's dark and rolling eye began to flash and brighten
For now she saw the pretty thing that girls all so delight in.

Say John, said she, 'tis firey red and now if you will tell me
I really think that I do stink, pray see if you can smell me.

So John got out and tied the horse, and amorously embraced her,
And in the wagon on some hay with gentle hands he placed her.

At first they took it on their sides, but Sue she overturned him
And John soon made the butter come with his tallowagger churning.

Then Sue got up and shook herself and sat her down right clever,
But they had not gone a mile or so, till she stunk as bad as ever.

John rasped her off the second time with his good stout repeater,
And as he rasped her off again, she swore it tasted sweeter.

And then when coming close to town, poor Sue she sat a thinking,
That she would like another go, so she yelled out, I'm a stinking.

John said, you have a fiery arse to hot by half I tell you
And if you think that you do stink, by God I cannot smell you.

THE HANDSOME CABIN BOY

'Tis of a handsome female, as you must understand
Who had a mind for roving unto some foreign land
Dressed out in sailor's clothing, this fair maid did appear
And she agreed with a Captain to serve him for a year.

She agreed with this Captain a cabin boy to be,
And the wind it being favorable, they soon put out to sea
The Captain's lady being on board, she seemed much to enjoy
The favorable appearance of this handsome cabin boy.

His cheeks were like the roses, his sidelocks they did curl,
And the sailors often smiled and said he looked just like a girl
But eating cabin biscuits his color did destroy
And the waist began to swell, on lovely Nell, the handsome cabin boy.

Oh doctor dearest doctor the cabin boy did cry,
The sailors swore by all that's good the cabin boy would die,
The doctor ran with all his might, a laughing at the fun,
To think the cabin boy should have a daughter or a son.

The sailors learning of the joke, they all began to stare
That the child belonged to none of them they solemnly did swear
The Captain speaking to the Mate said I must wish you joy,
For I see it's you that has betrayed, this handsome cabin boy.

And now let's fill a bumper and drink success to trade
Likewise to the handsome cabin boys, be they boys or maids
And if the waves should rise again, us sailors to destroy
Why then we'll ship some more sailors, like the handsome cabin boy.

Davids

PRETTY PEGGY

There was a rich merchant all riding one day
When he spied Pretty Peggy all by the highway.
He called to his coachman and loudly did say
There's a pretty fair damsel, go bring her this way.

There's fifty gold dollars if you will comply
All in my bedchamber this this night for to lie
At the sight of the gold, she gave her consent
So into his bed chamber pretty Peggy she went.

She played with his old boy with her lilly white hand
Which caused every hair on his old boy to stand,
Which caused every hair on his old boy to play
Over hills and green valleys and so far away.

With hugging and kissing he soon fell asleep
When out of his arms pretty Peggy did creep,
She sifted his pockets of a large sum of gold
Gold rings, a gold watch, and diamonds I'm told.

'Twas early next morning this merchant arose
'Tis raving distracted they thought he would go
He called for his horses to take a long ride,
Thinking to spy pretty Peggy down by the seaside.

He rode the beach up and he rode the beach down
But nothing of Peggy could there be found
Three times he did pass her but didn't her know
She laughed in her sleeve saying there goes my rich beau.

Now Peggy is rich and lives by the seashore
She swears by her Maker she'll whore it no more
Unless some poor sailor is sadly in want
For the tars of Columbia shall never lack.

THE LITTLE DUTCH SOLDIER FROM OVER THE RHINE

Oh, a little Dutch soldier from over the Rhine,
 Snapoo, Snapoo,
 A little Dutch soldier from over the Rhine,
 Snapoo,
 A little Dutch soldier from over the Rhine
 He stopped at the house of a lady so fine
 Snap peter, snap pooter, philander coohita phidam snapoo.

Oh, then says he have you a daughter so fine
 For the little Dutch soldier from over the Rhine

I have a daughter but she is too young,
 Snapoo, Snapoo,
 Oh yes said she, I have a daughter fine,
 Snapoo,
 For the little Dutch soldier from over the Rhine.
 Snapeeter, snapooter, philander cocheeter phidam snapoo.

Oh no mamma I am not too young,
 For I will open my legs and let him hop on.

He hopped on but he came off damned quick
 For he thought he was lucky in saving his p-k.

Her Grandmammy she ran for the frying pan
 For fear that baby would s--t (or mess) in her hand.

LITTLE BALL OF YARN

It was in the month of May, when the lambs did skip and play
That I met a pretty fair maid, and thus to her did say,
Let me wind up your little ball of yarn.

Ball of yarn, ball of yarn,
Let me wind up your little ball of yarn.

Oh no kind sir said she you are a stranger unto me
And perhaps you have some other charm.
And I'd rather go with those, who have money and fine clothes
To wind up my little ball of yarn.

Ball of yarn, ball of yarn,
And I'd rather go with those, &c.

I took her by the waist and gently laid her down
Not intending to do her any harm
And the mocking bird and thrush was singing in the bush
While I wound up her little ball of yarn.

Ball of yarn, ball of yarn,
While I wound up, &c.

She jumped up from the green and pulled her clothing down
And home unto her mother she did run.
And I skinned off from the green, for fear of being seen
For I had wound up her little ball of yarn.

c 1924

ANYTHING

Oh short and sweet shall be my song
As through this world I jog along,
I jog along through thick and thin
And sound the praise of "Anything".
I jog along through thick and thin
And sound the praise of "Anything".

As through a wood my way it led
Into a house I was conveyed,
A lady met me, so neat and trim
She made me think of "Anything".

As in this house I was conveyed
And in my arms this fair maid laid
Said she kind sir it is no sin,
For you to do most "Anything".

As in that bed we lay so snug,
And she began to kiss and hug,
I pulled her shift up to her chin
And played that game called "Anything".

Oh if ever I did have delight,
'Twas on that happy, happy night
And I only wish I was back again
To play that game called "Anything".

And now kind friends don't take me wrong
You asked me for to sing a song,
I asked you what you would have me sing
And you said I might sing "Anything".

And now kind friends my song's complete
And I do think it is your treat,
My choice, it is a brandy sling
But I can drink most "Anything".

c 1924

DOWN DERRY DOWN

As Jackie was walking the streets upon Down
He spied pretty Peggy of fair London town,
He spoke her in English, the signal she knew,
And she backed her main yard and she let him come to.
 Singing down, down, derry down,
 And she rattled his rigging right down to the rail.

She burnt poor Jack's rigging right down to the hull
So off to the doctors, poor Jack he did skull,
His yards were well braced and his blocks were well hung
Saying doctor, dear doctor, my main yard in sprung.

R. M. Davids

c 1924

ABRAM BROWN THE SAILOR

Who is that knocking at my door?

Cries the fair young maiden.

Who is that knocking at my door?

---Falsetto

Cries the fair young maiden

Won't you come down and let me in?

Cried Abram Brown the sailor

---Bass voice; repeat.

Oh, I'll come down and let you in,

Cries the fair young maiden.

Have you got a place for me to sleep?

Cries Abram Brown the sailor.

You can sleep by the side of me,

Cries the fair young maiden.

Oh, what have you got between your legs?

Cried Abram Brown the sailor.

I've got a hairy pin-cushion,

Cried the fair young maiden.

I've got a pin and I'll stick it in,

Cried Abram Brown the sailor.

If you stick it in you'll break my heart,

Cried the fair young maiden.

I'll break your heart or I'll make you fart,

Cried Abram Brown the sailor.

When can I have this treat again?

Cried the fair young maiden.

When you can get my cock to stand

Cried Abram Brown the sailor.

How can I get your cock to stand?

Cried the fair young maiden.

Scratch my arse and tickle my balls,

Cried Abram Brown the sailor.

THE KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR

We left the parlor early, I think it scarcely nine
And by a lucky fortune, her room was next to mine
Resolved like old Columbus new regions to explore
I took a snug position, by the keyhole in the door.

The keyhole in the door, the keyhole in the door,
I took a snug position, by the keyhole in the door.

And while kneeling there in silence upon my bended knee
Most patiently I waited to see what I could see.
She first took off her collar, and it fell upon the floor
And I seen her stoop to get it, through the keyhole in the door.

This maiden next proceeded to take off her pretty dress
And then her underclothing some hundred more or less,
To speak the truth sincerely I think there was a score
But I could not count correctly through the keyhole in the door.

She sat down on the carpet, in pretty graceful ease,
And lifted her snowy linen above her lilly white knees
A dainty sky blue garter on either leg she wore
And they looked like Parian marble, through the keyhole in the door.

As she arose from her position, looking so nice and warm
And nothing but a chemise concealed her pretty form
Thinks I take off your chemise, and I'll ask for nothing more
And by Jove I seen her do it, through the keyhole in the door.

Then up before the mirror this pretty creature stood
Revealing her rich beauty and feverishing my blood
My hair apraised like briatles upon an angry boar
By Jove I felt like jumping through the keyhole in the door.

And as she stood reviewing her voluptuous charms
I wished like a polypus (or octopus) I had an hundred arms,
But as I did not have then the fact I did deplore
For you can't embrace a maiden through a keyhole in the door.

She next unloosed her tresses of flowing golden hair,
They fell in a golden torment, about her shoulders fair.
And as she quickly rebound them, more firmly than before
I viewed the pretty process, through the keyhole in the door.

She next approached the bed and laid the covers down
And on the bed Miss Jennie prepared to lay her body down
The light it was extinguished and I knew the show was o'er
So I abandoned my position by the keyhole in the door.

JACKIE AND HIS MASTER

Jackie and his master a wager they did lay
That the one that had the shortest dink the wager had to pay.
Singing ta de di di ump de ay,
Tudie de ump di ay.

So they measured them around and they measured them about
And Jackie's was the longest by four inches and a snout.

The maid was in the barn and I think she was to blame
When she oversaw the measurement she went and told the dame.

The dame went to the barn, some eggs for to hunt,
And she stooped down to buckle her shoe, a mouse run up her c--t.

She went to the door and hollered loud and shrill
And the old man heard her while working in the mill.

The old man came running just as fast as he could walk
Saying, What's the matter, Dame, I thought I heard you talk.

There's a mouse up my old belly gut, oh God how he doth gnaw
And if you do not get him out, he'll eat away my maw.

The old man went to the door and hollered loud and shrill
And Jackie overheard him while plowing on the hill.

Jackie he came running just as fast as he could walk
Saying, What's the matter, master, I thought I heard you squawk.

There's a mouse up my wife's belly gut, oh God how he doth gnaw,
And if we do not get him out, he'll eat away her maw.

I'll give you twenty dollars if you'll only get him out,
For your dink it is the longest, by four inches and a snout.

Twenty dollars is not my wages, neither is it my price
For not less than fifty dollars shall my dink go hunting mice.

So Jackie took her by the middle small, and gently laid her down
And every jig and half a jig he whirled the mouse around.

The old woman being cunning had the mouse up in her sleeve
And when Jackie had tickled her tail enough, she gave the mouse a heave.

The old man stood by with a club, and as the mouse ran up the wall
He hit a hell of a lick, and missed it after all.

Tu di di um de ay,
Tu di di um di ay.

GEORGIA

UNCLE BUD

Me and my gal a goin' cross de field
Kicking up dust like a automobile.

Uncle Bud, Uncle Bud,
Who in hell is Uncle Bud?

Me an' my gal went a huckleberry huntin'
She fell down and I saw somethin'.

Big cat, little cat, teeny insey kitten
And de little cat farted like a nachul man.

Uncle Bud had forty-nine children
- - - - -.

Corn pone and taters, chicken and ham
Cornfed nigger and nachul man.

"Sung in 1908 in Georgia near Atlanta--work song,
cotton picking."

BLOW THE MAN DOWN.---

Oh blow the man down, bullies blow him away
To my Way-Hay-ay Blow the man down
Oh blow the man down bullies, blow him away
Give me some time to blow the man down.

As I was a walking down Paradise Street
A pretty young damsel, I happened to meet.

I said where are you going, my pretty maid
I'm going a-milking, kind sir she said.

Then I smiled at this damsel, so beautiful to see
And said-pretty maiden will you milk me.

Oh no Sir she answered, oh no sir not I
If I was to milk you I'd milk you too dry.

I gave her 5 shillings, she took me in tow
And away to her stateroom we quickly did go.

As I stripped off my dunnage and jumped into bed
This fair maid she scared me till I was nearly dead.

Her catheads came off when she took off her dress
Also with her bonnet came off her bright tress.

Then she unscrewed her left leg-unhooked her right ear
By that time believe me, I was feelin' dam queer.

When she spat out her teeth, and gouged out her right eye,
I grabbed up my dunnage, and left her to die.

Take warnin' my hearties, when you go ashore
Steer clear of false riggins & moor to a whore.

FIRE DOWN BELOW

Oh there's fire in the fo'c'sle, all hands on deck
Fire down below
There's fire in the fore-peak, comin' thru the deck
There's fire down below.

There's fire in the fore-top, fire in the main
We thought we had it drowned, there it comes again.

There's fire in the cabin, fire in the poop,
There's fire in the galley, burnin' up the soup.

The old man he's a terror, allays cussin' at the crew,
If this old wagon burns, me boys, he'll only get his due.

The old woman she's a pissin', she's spoutin' like a whale
The ocean is a risin' way 'bove the t'gallant rail.

Pass along the buckets boys, and let the old girl spout
Double bank the pump my sons, we'll drown the ----- out.

"Pumping or Capstan chanty"

August 24, 1923

HANDY, ME BOYS, BE HANDY.

As I was a strollin' one fine summer day
 So handy, my boys, so handy,
 A rosy cheeked damsel, I met on the way
 By handy, me boys, be handy.

She passed out her hawser and took me in tow
 I shortened all sail and away we did go.

She led me to her father's halls
 To a beautiful garden inside the walls.

And there I embraced this pretty maid
 And love me, Oh love me, kind sir, she said.

Then she led me to her snowwhite bed
 And I hugged her there till she was dead.

"To'gallan's'l halyards chanty."

August 24, 1923

Three times they give you peasoup
Three times they give you duff
On Saturdays they give you rice
To make you blow and puff.

So blow ye winds in the mornin'
Blow ye winds Aye Oh
We're outward boun' in the ship Renown
To the port of Callao.

"Fragment--Capstan Chanty"

A. M. Turner

August 24, 1923

RIKKI DIKKI DOO DA DAY

One night I slept with an English maid
Dooda dooda
A virgin pure as the snow--she said
Rikki dikki doo da day.

She swore that I was her very first love
And gave me her maidenhead by the Gods above.

I spent all my payday in buying her clothes
But all that she gave me was a dam dirty dose.

So every night when I go out to piss
I curse the whore who gave me this.

Now all you young sailors take my advice
Don't play with virgin women, for you'll have to pay the price.

A. M. Turner

March 23, 1927

THE APPLEKNOCKER'S LAMENT

On a very fine day in the month of May
 A great big bum (big burly) came hiking
 And he seated his pratt. (himself) neath a big green tree
 Which was very much to his liking.

On the very same day in the month of May
 A farmer's lad came hiking.
 Said the bum to the son, "If you will come,
 I'll show you some sights to your liking.

I'll show you the bees in the cigarette trees,
 The big rock candy mountains
 The chocolate heights where they give away kites
 And the sody-water fountains.

The lemonade springs where the blue bird sings,
 The marbles made of crystal.
 We'll join the band of Dangerous Dan
 Who carries a sword and a pistol."

So the bum set out with the lad at his back.
 For six long months they travelled.
 Then the boy came back on the very same track
 And this (sad) tale (he) unravelled.

"There are no bees in the cigarette trees;
 No big rock candy mountains,
 No chocolate heights where they give away kites,
 Or sody-water fountains.

No lemonade springs where the blue bird sing,
 No marble made of crystal.
 There is no such man as Dangerous Dan
 Who carries a sword and a pistol.

He made me beg and steal his eggs (sit on his peg)
 And he called me his jocker
 When I didn't get pies he blacked my eyes
 And called me his apple-knocker.

No more I'll roam from my very fine home.
 I'll save my junkerino
 You can bet your lid that this old kid
 Won't be no one else's punkerino."

March 23, 1927

THE SONG OF AMY

Now the slats were all busted
And the springs were all loose
And the sag in the mattress
Fitted Amy's caboose.
And if your girl thinks
This party is swell
There's lots more cottages
Down at Carmel.

"Last verse"

Wheaton H. (Skin) Brewer

HINKY DINK

Oh, Madam, have you a daughter fair,
Parley-voo?

Oh, Madam, have you a daughter fair,
Parley-voo?

Oh, yes, I have a daughter fair,
With two little tits and golden hair!
Hinky Dinky Parley-voo.

Oh, up the stairs and into bed,
Parley-voo,
Up the stairs and into bed,
Parley-voo,
Oh, up the stair and into bed,
And there I captured her maidenhead;
Hinky Dinky Parley-voo.

The first three months and all was well,
Parley-voo,
The second three months she began to swell,
Parley-voo,
The third three months, she gave a grunt,
And a little doughboy jumped out of her cunt,
Hinky dinky parley-voo.

The little red bastard, he grew and he grew,
Parley-voo,
The little red bastard, he grew and he grew,
Parley-voo,
The little red bastard he grew and he grew,
And now he's screwing the women, too,
Hinky dinky parley-voo.

The little red bastard, he died like a mack,
Parley-voo,
The little red bastard, he died like a mack,
Parley-voo,
The little red bastard, he died like a mack,
From putting his cock in a dirty crack,
Hinky dinky parley-voo.

The First Division went over the top,
To make the Kaiser suck his cock,

The damned M.P.'s behind the line,
Screwing the women and drinking the wine.

HINKY DINK (2)

The YMCA had a hell of a time,
Screwing the soldiers out of their dimes.

The Medical Corps, they did their bit,
Jazzing the nurses and shovelling shit.

Oh, mademoiselle from Gay Paree,
She had the clap and gave it to me.

Oh, mademoiselle from St. Nazaire,
She'd do "jig-jig" for a pomme de terre.

Oh, mademoiselle from Andernach,
For fifty pfennigs, she'd suck your cock.

Oh, mademoiselle, from Niederzissin,
She'd give you a jazz like cats a-pissin'.

Oh, Mademoiselle from Niedermendig,
She'd give you a screw for fifty pfennigs.

"the official song of the A.E.F."

My father was hung as a horse thief
My mother was burned as a witch
I have seventeen sisters in the whore-house
And I'm a cock-sucking son of a bitch.

"1911, Sullivan County, Missouri, by a small town
braggest type. More or less common property tho this
an unusually tough version."

Frankie and Johnnie were lovers
 Oh my God how they could love
 They swore they would ever be faithful
 As true as the stars above.

Oh, he was her man
 But he done her wrong.

Johnnie went down to the corner
 She went down after some beer
 Said Johnnie to the bartender
 "Have you seen my Frankie here!"

Oh he was my man
 And now he's done me wrong.

- - - - -
 - - - - - tell you no lie
 But I saw your Frankie go yonder
 With a girl named Nellie Bly
 Oh he was your man
 But he's done you wrong.

Frankie and Johnnie were lovers
Swore to be true to their love,
Swore to be true to each other,
As true as the stars above.
 God dam his soul-
 He was doing her wrong, wrong, wrong.

Johnnie went down to the corner saloon
To get him a glass of beer
Says Frankie, "Oh Mr. bartender,
Has my lovin' Johnnie been here?"
 Goddam his soul,
 He' been doin' me wrong, wrong, wrong.

Johnnie went down to the whorehouse
To buy him a piece of tail,
When Frankie came in and shot him,
And the sherrif took Frankie to jail
 God dam his soul,
 He'd been doin' her wrong.

The put Johnnie away in the boneyard-

JOHNNIE AND FRANKIE

O Johnnie and Frankie were lovers!
 O my! How they did love!
 They swore to be true to each other,
 Just as true as the stars above.

But Johnnie was the man
 That was doin' her wrong.

O Frankie went to the crib-house,
 She looked in the window high;
 And there she saw her Johnnie
 A-lovalovin' Alice Fly.

He sure is the man
 That is doin' me wrong.

O Frankie went to the crib-house,
 But this time not for fun,
 For underneath her kimona
 She had a great big forty-four gun.

She was gonna git the man
 That was doin' her wrong.

She said to the jolly bar-tender,
 "Have ya seen my Johnnie round here?"
 "I saw your Johnnie not a half-hour ago--
 He was tanked to the muzzle with beer.

He sure is the man
 That was doin' you wrong."

O Johnnie said to Frankie,
 "Now darling, don't you shoot?"
 But Frankie pulled out that forty-four gun,
 And seven times went "Toot-toot!"

She sure got the man
 That was doin' her wrong.

O I ain't-a-gonna tell ya no stories,
 An I ain't-a-gonna tell ya no lies.

 Is a thing I do despise.

He sure is the man
 That was doin' me wrong.

O bring on your rubber-tired hearses,
 And bring on your rubber-tired hacks.
 I'm gonna take my Johnnie to the graveyard;
 Ain't a-gonna bring his - - - - back.

Best part of the man
 That was doin' me wrong.

JOHNNIE AND FRANKIE (2)

O bury me down in a dungeon;
O bury me down in a cell;
O bury me down in a dungeon
In the south-east corner of hell.

For she sure got the man
That was doin' her wrong.

O Frankie's down at the depot
A-waitin' fo' 'at train--
A-waitin' fo' 'at train to Sing-Sing
Where they keep 'at ball an' chain.

She killed her man,
But he was doin' her wrong.

My name is Bob Baker
My prick is my maker
My bollux weigh 99 pounds
Bring me Johanna
I'll fuck her, God damn her
And nail her damn ass in the ground.

MOBILE

Oh the eagles they fly high in Mobile, in Mobile,
Oh the eagles they fly high in Mobile,
Oh the eagles they fly high
And they shit down in your eye
Ain't you glad the cows don't fly in Mobile.

Oh the old grey cow is dead
But the children must be fed
So they milk the bull instead.

Oh they never wash their dishes
But they wipe them on their britches
Oh the dirty sons of bitches.

Anonymous

HESITATION BLUES

Oh ashes to ashes and dust to dust
If the whisky don't get you why the cocain must.

Must I hesitate? Must I wait so long?

Oh ashes to ashes and dust to dust
Ain't a man in old Virginia that a woman can trust

Must I wait so long? Or can I get you now?
Must I hesitate?

Well I'm not the iceman nor the iceman's son
But I can fill your box until the iceman comes.

I'm not the undertaker nor the undertaker's son,
But I'll screw you in your coffin till the undertaker comes.

I'm not the plumber nor the plumber's son
But I can stop your leak until the plumber comes.

SAMUEL HALL

Oh my name's Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall,
Oh my name's Samuel Hall,
And I hates you one and all
You're a gang of mushers all
 Damn your eyes.

Oh they put me in the Quod
For I killed a man by God
And I left him on the sod.

Oh the sheriff he came too
With the gang of men in blue
They're a gang of mushers too.

Oh the parson he did come
And he looked so goddam glum
With his talk of kingdom come.

So I you my story tell
Hopes you all may go to hell
Hopes by God you sizzle well.

Anonymous.

LYDIA PINKHAM

Rufus Jones he was a
And he had no balls at all
But he drank three bottles down
Of Lydia's vegetable compound
Now they hang below his knees.

Sally Brown she had no breastworks
And she had no breasts at all
But she drank three bottles down
Of Lydia's vegetable compound
Now they milk her with the cows.

Mary Black had female trouble
And she had no kids at all
But she drank three bottles down
Of Lydia's vegetable compound
Now she throws them twice a year.

BOCARDY BILL THE SAILOR

What have you got between your legs?

Said Bocardy Bill the Sailor.

What have you got between your legs?

Said Bocardy Bill the Sailor.

I have got a cushion there,

Said the fair young maiden.

I have got a cushion there,

Said the fair young maiden.

What if there should be a child,

Said the fair young maiden.

Strangle the bugger as soon as he comes

Said Bocardy Bill the Sailor.

What about the police force,

Said the fair young maiden.

Bugger the police and fuck the force,

Said Bocardy Bill the Sailor.

Anonymous

THE KING OF ENGLAND

Oh minstrels sing of an ancient king who lived long years ago
 He rulled his land with an iron hand but his mind was weak and low
 He loved to hunt to royal stag within the royal wood
 But his favorite occupation was pulling the royal pud,
 Christ, how he loved to pull his pud, pull his pud.

His only nether garment was a woolen undershirt
 With which he tried to hide the hide, but couldn't hide the dirt
 His hair was wooly and full of fleas
 And his terrible dong hung down to his knees.
 God save the bastard king of England.

The Queen of Spain was a sprightly dame, a sprightly dame was she
 She loved to fool with his majesty's tool so far across the sea
 So she sent a royal message by a royal messenger
 Asked him to come and spend a month with her.

When the King of France heard this report, he said unto his court
 She must prefer me rival because me horn in short
 So he sent the Duke of Simmesap to give the queen a dose of clap
 God save the bastard King of England.

Oh when the news of this foul deed did reach Old England's walls
 The king he swore by the shirt he wore he'd have the Frenchman's balls
 He offered half his kingdom and a piece of Queen Hortense
 To any loyal Briton who would nut the king of France.

The loyal Duke of Suffolk betook himself to France
 He swore he was a fruiter and the king took down his pants
 He slipped a thong on the royal dong
 And mounted his horse and galloped along
 And dragged him before the king of England.

The king threw up his breakfast and fainted on the floor
 For in the ride the Frenchman's pride had stretched a yard or more
 The ladies of old England heard about King Philip's bone
 They rallied to the Frenchman, to hell with the English throne.

So Philip of France usurped the throne
 His sceptre was his royal bone
 With which he browned the bastard kind og England.

LYDIA'S COMPOUND

Then we'll sing, sing, sing, of Lydia Pink-ham, Pink-ham, Ping
And her love for the human race
She had builded a vegetable compound,
And the papers publish her face.

Elsie Janis was hollow chested
She could scarcely fill her blouse
She drank six bottles of Lydia's Compound
Now they milk her with the cows.

Johnnie Jones had urinitis,
He could scarcely pee at all
He drank four bottles of Lydia's Compound
Now he's a human waterfall.

Mrs. Jones was quite unhappy
She could have no babies dear
She drank six bottles of Lydia's Compound
Now she has them twice a year.

Anonymous

Five little heifers grazing in the valley
Five little bull calves had next season.

They cut those calves and they made them oxen
The little black bull went back to the mountains...

"Billy Day of Middle Musquodoboit, Halifax Co., N.S. c 1894
W. Gladwin of Jeddore, Halifax Co., N. S. c 1894."

Anonymous

December 12, 1925

Three jolly men went ahunting
And nothing could they find
They came unto a cowdung
And that they left behind.
The Scotchman says-that's a cowdung
The Englishman says Nay
And Paddy says-that's a custard pie
With the custard blown away.

Three jolly men went ahunting
And nothing could they find
They came unto a pumpkin
And that they left behind.
The Scotchman says-that's a pumpkin
The Englishman-he says Nay
And Paddy says-That's a tater
But it's in the family way.

Three jolly men went ahunting
And nothin' could they find
They came unto a knothole
And that they left behind.
The Scotchman says-that's a knothole
The Englishman-he says Nay
And Paddy says-that's a horse's arse
But the horse has ran away.

"an old song I heard in Australia"

Andrew M. Turner

May, 1923

A sailor man came home one night as drunk as drunk could be,
He saw a hat upon the rack where his hat ought to be.
"My dear wife, my sweet wife, my darling wife," says he,
"What means this hat upon the rack, where my hat ought to be?"
"O, you poor fool, you damn fool, you son of a bitch," says she,
"It's nothing but a piss pot that my granny sent to see."
"O I've travelled over land and sea, and pissed on every shore,
But a piss pot on a hat rack, I've never seen before."

A sailor man came home one night as drunk as drunk could be,
He saw a head upon the bed, where his head ought to be.
"My dear wife, my sweet wife, my pretty wife," says he,
"What means this head upon the bed, where my head ought to be?"
"O you poor fool, you damn fool, you son of a bitch," says she,
"It's nothing but a cabbage head my granny sent to me."
"O I've travelled over land and sea, and pissed on every shore
But a cabbage head with whiskers on, I've never seen before."

A sailor man came home one night, as drunk as drunk could be,
He saw an ass upon the bed, where his ass ought to be.
"My dear wife, my sweet wife, my pretty wife," says he,
"What means this ass upon the bed, where my ass ought to be?"
"O you poor fool, you damn fool, you son of a bitch," says she,
"It's nothing but two loaves of bread, my granny sent to me."
"O I've travelled over land and sea, and pissed on every shore,
But loaves of bread with shit between, I've never seen before."

A sailor man came home one night, as drunk as drunk could be,
He found a thing, within the thing, where his thing ought to be.
"My dear wife, my sweet wife, my pretty wife," says he,
"What means this thing, within the thing, where my thing ought to be?"
"You poor fool, you damn fool, you son of a bitch," says she,
"It's nothing but a rolling pin, my granny sent to me."
"O I've travelled over land and sea, and pissed on every shore,
But a rolling pin, with balls upon, I've never seen before."

I'M A WEAVER

I am a bachelor, and I live all alone,
 And I work at the weaver's trade.
 And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
 Was to woo a fair young maid.
 One night she came to my bed side,
 When I was fast asleep.
 She cried, she sighed, she damn near died,
 So what was I to do,
 But take her into bed, and cover up her head,
 Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

I am a bachelor, and I live with my son,
 And we work at the weaver's trade.
 And every, every night I look into his eyes,
 He reminds me of the maid
 That I once took into bed, to cover up her head,
 And to keep from the foggy, foggy dew.

"This song was gotten from a young man of about twenty who picked it up while with a gang of laborers working for the Pacific Improvement Company on the Monterey Peninsula. He was indefinite as to which laborer or laborers he got it from--said they all knew it and sang it. There were both Americans and foreigners among them. He got it from them about three years ago."

Songs and Fragments Common Among Young Men,
 Berkeley, California, 1923.

The steward went below
 Whoo-oo-oo
 To light the cabin lamp
 Whoo-oo-oo
 The lamp it would not burn
 Whoo-oo-oo
 Because the wick was damp
 Whoo-oo-oo, whoo-oo-oo.

The captain went below
 To kick the steward's ass
 Fire up, you son of a bitch,
 The Golden Gate is past.

"This song I picked up at a Fraternity House, where I heard the whole group of men around the table sing. The melody is only two notes, sung very slowly, with a measured beat, much as a dirge, the 'Whoo-oo-oo' after each line like a hoarse fog-horn in the night. I have no idea where they got it, and none of them seem to know."

Songs and Fragments Common Among Young Men,
 Berkeley, California, 1923

Oh mother, oh mother, have you a daughter
 Snap-co, snap-co,
 Oh mother, oh mother, have you a daughter,
 To sleep with a sailor from over the water,
 Snap-co, snap--ee--tah, fie-nanny-go-eat-ah,
 Snap-co.

Oh no, oh no, my daughter's too young
 To sleep with that dirty old son of a gun.

Oh mother, oh mother, I'm not too young,
 I've done it before with finger and thumb.

So that son of a bitch he took her to bed,
 And crammed it in from its roots to its head.

Oh, six months came, and six months past,
 The rim of her belly hung down to her ass.

Oh nine months came, and nine months past,
 And a jolly young sailor rolled out of her ass.

"I got this song from a group of college boys of normal age who had not the slightest idea where they had gotten it, or how long they had known it. Two of them said that they thot there were two or three more stanzas, but they did not know them, The fourth stanza was offered by only one of them; the others said they had never heard it before. It is probably original with him."

The Canoneers they have no fears
 They piss thru leather britches
 And knock their cocks 'gainst jagged rocks
 Those hardy sons of bitches.

They masterbate from morn till late
 Till their bloody foreskin twitches
 Next morn at ten they begin again
 Those hardy sons of bitches.

When tail is rare, they rape the bear
 In dusky nooks and nitches
 Nor give a care for sand or hair
 Those hardy sons of bitches.

They crawl and creep upon a sheep
 And fuck her while she pitches
 Nor give a damn if it be a ram
 Those hardy sons of bitches.

They scrouge a cow and care not how
 The shit sticks to their breeches
 And fergle a bull and fill him full
 Those hardy sons of bitches.

The Canoneers have hairy ears
 Nor care now much it itches
 To wipe their ass on broken glass
 Those hardy sons of bitches.

"These stanzas came from a man who was a private in an artillery battery, and hence the adoption of 'canoneers'. He was about twenty-two or three, and said that he had picked them up while in quarantine for spinal meningitis, and that many many more were made up at that time that had slipped his memory, for all that was to be done all day long was to lie in bed and think up rhymes. Several of these were new to me but I had already heard more than half of them from others."

THE SPANISH COUNTILIO

There once was a Spanish Countilio
 Who lived in a Spanish Castilio
 He was rpoud of his tra-la-la-lilio
 And the works of his tweedle-dum-dee.

He once met a young senorita
 And asked her to be his senora
 He showed her his tra-la-la-lilio
 And the works of his tweedle-dum-dee.

He took her into his Castilio
 And laid her down on the sofilio
 He rammed in his tra-la-la-lilio
 To the works of his tweedle-dum-dee.

Next morn he felt rather sickilio
 The doc said he had syphilio
 All over his tra-la-la-lilio
 And the works of his tweedle-dum-dee.

Now he sits in his Spanish Castilio
 With a handfull of cotton wadilio
 Swabbing his tra-la-la-lilio
 And the works of his tweedle-dum-dee.

"This was taken from a college boy who had gotten it
 from another from some other college (I couldn't determine
 where)."

FRANKIE AND JOHNIE

Frankie and Johnie were lovers
 Lawdy, oh God, how they loved,
 Swore to be true to each other
 As true as the blue sky above.

He was her man,
 But he was doin' her wrong.

Frankie she worked in a hump-house
 A hump-house with only two doors,
 Gave all her money to Johnie
 Who spent it on the parlor-house whores
 Damn his soul,
 For he was doin' her wrong.

One night when Frankie was lonely
 Nobody came out to call
 Frankie put on her kimonie
 And went out to the nickel crawl
 Lookin' for the man
 That was doin' her wrong.

Frankie blew down to the corner
 Ordered herself up some beer
 Said to the gentle bar-tender
 "Have you seen my lovin' Johnie here?
 For he's my man,
 But he's doin' me wrong."

"I don't want to tell you no story
 I don't want to tell you no lie
 But Johnie was here about an hour ago
 With that fat bitch Nellie Bly.
 He's your man,
 But he's doin' you wrong."

Frankie blew back to the hump-house
 This time 'twasn't for fun
 Under her dirty kimona
 She packed a big 44 gun
 Lookin' for the man
 That was doin' her wrong.

Frankie blew into the hump-house
 Didn't even ring the bell
 Said, "Look out, all you pimps and whores,
 Or I'll blow you all straight to hell.
 I'm lookin' for the man
 That's doin' me wrong."

FRANKIE AND JOHNIE (2)

She went on back thru the hall-way
Looked over a transom so high
There she saw her lovin' boy
Finger-fucking Nellie Bly
God damn her soul,
But he was doin' her wrong.

Johnie saw Frankie a-comin'
Said, "My God, Frankie, don't shoot."
But Frankie pulled out her big 44 gun
And the gun went root-i-toot-toot.
She shot the man
That was doin' her wrong.

"Bring on your rubber-tired hearses
Fill 'em up plumb full of maques
For they're taking my Johnie to the cemetery
And they'll never bring his penis back.
Best part of the man
That was doin' me wrong."

"This song is pure negro. I got it from a man that
has played in cafés, and he said that is universal among
the negroes."

Songs and Fragments Common Among Young Men,
Berkeley, California, 1923

THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

The minstrels sing of an English king of many years ago
 How he ruled the land with an iron hand tho his mind was weak and low
 He was wild and wooley and full of fleas
 And his terrible tool hung down to his knees.
 So God bless the bastard king of England.

His only nether garment was a woollen undershirt
 With which he tried to hide his hide but he couldn't hide the dirt
 He loved to chase the bounding stag thruout the royal wood
 And he dearly loved to pull the royal pud.

Now the Queen of Spain was a sprightly dame, an amorous dame was she,
 She longed to fool with his Majesty's tool so far across the sea
 So she sent a note to England by a special messenger
 For the king to come and spend a month with her.

When Philip of France was told of this he cried unto his court
 "So much prefers my rival because my horn is short."
 And he sent the Duc de Siphensac
 To give the queen a dose of clapp
 Which wouldn't do a thing to Merrie England.

Now when the news of this foul deed arrived at Windsor's halls
 The king he swore by the shirt he wore he'd eat the Frenchman's balls
 And he promised half his kingdom and the hand of Queen Hortense
 To anyone who would nut the king of France.

So the noble Duke of Suffolk betook himself to France
 He said he was a fruiter and the king took down his pants
 Then over his prong he slipped a thong
 And mounted his horse and galloped along.
 And dragged him before the bastard king of England.

The King threw up his breakfast and fainted on the floor
 For during the ride the Frenchman's pride had stretched a rod or more
 And all the ladies of London Town had gathered around the castel grounds
 And shouted, "To hell with the British Crown
 And down with the bastard king of England."

So Philip of France usurped the throne
 His sceptre was his royal bone
 With which he browned the bastard king of England.

"I got this from a man who is turn had gotten it from some
 members of the Harvard Law School in 1914. He said that that was
 the only place that he had heard it, except once, in a slightly
 different version, while in the army. If he recollected correctly,
 there it was sung by an old veteran sergiant who sung it when tight."

Toodle um toodle um too
That's what he played on his horn
Toodle um toodle um too
He played it from midnight till morn
Toodle-um toodle um too
And now I will tell it to you
He won the hand of his Mary Ann
With his hand on her toodle um too.

"These fragments came from an art student that had
picked them up in the Art Students' League in New York
City in 1917."

Songs and Fragments Common Among Young Men,
Berkeley, California, 1923

Floating down the river
Sitting on the stern
She had a-hold of hisen
He had a-hold of hern.

"These fragments came from an art student that had
picked them up in the Art Students' League in New York
City in 1917."

Songs and Fragments Common Among Young Men,
Berkeley, California, 1923

September 17, 1923

SHE WAS POOR BUT SHE WAS HONEST

She was poor but she was honest
Victim of a village crime
Of the Squire's guilty passion
And she lost her own good nyme.

Then she went right up to Lunnon
For to hide her ghastly shyme
And she met another squire
And she lost her nyme agyne.

She was poor but she was foolish,
Victim of a rich man's whim,
He seduced her, then he left her,
She'd a little child by him.

You'll find her in the theayter
See her sitting in the stalls
And at home an hour lyter
Plying with some stryngers balls.

You'll see her in her limoosin
In the park and people say
All the squires and nobby people
Stop to pass the time of day.

In a quiet country cottage
There her aged parents live
Drink the champagne that she sends them
But they never can forgive.

You will find her in the gutter
Selling matches by the box
For a tanner you can up her
Ten to one you get the pox.

See him passing in his carriage
With his fyce all wreathed in smiles
See her sitting on the pyvement
Which is bloody bad for pyles.

See him passing to the Commons
Making laws for rich and pore
See her walking of the pyvements
Nothing but a bloody hore.

It's the syne the whole world over
It's the poor they always blyme
And the rich they takes their pleasures
Isn't it a bloody shyme.

E. S. Fowlds

September 17, 1923

INKY DINKY PARLEZ VOUS

Mademoiselle from Armenteers, parlez vous,
Mademoiselle from Armenteers, parlez vous,
Mademoiselle from Armenteers,
She hadn't been umped for umpteen years
Inky-dinky-parlez-vous.

The general won the Croix de Guerre
And the son of a bitch was never there.

Mademoiselle from Gay Paree
She had the crabs and she gave 'em to me.

The French they are a funny race
They fight with their feet and they f--- with their face.

"and then of course the stock one sung by any army in
reference to any other."

The ----- are having a hell of a time
Winning the war behind the line.

(or)

F----- the Waacs, behind the line.

September 17, 1923

BOLLOCKY BILL THE SAILOR

Who's that knocking at the door?
Said the fair young maiden
Who's that knocking at the door?
Said the fair young maiden.

O it's your lover come home from sea
Said Bollocky Bill the sailor.
O it's your lover come home from sea
Said Bollocky Bill the sailor.

When will you be back once more.

O never again, you poxy old whore.

E. S. Fowlds

September 17, 1923

Mama, malade, Papa ZigZag,
Moi, réfugié Bully-Grenay.

E. S. Fowlds

FRANCIE AND JOSIE

Josie went down to the corner
To get her a glass of beer
She said, "Mr. Bartender,
Have you seen my Francie here?
For he's my man,
Though he's doing me wrong."

"Now I ain't a goin' to tell you no stories
And I ain't a goin' to tell you no lies
But I seen your man going out of here
With a yaller girl names Lise
And if he's you man
Why, he's doin' you wrong."

Josie went down to the pawn shop
She didn't go there for fun
But she laid down fourteen iron men
For a great big forty-five gun
For he was her man
And he'd done her wrong.

Josie went down to the hore house
And rang that hore house bell
And said, "Stand aside, you hores and pimps,
Or I'll blow you all to hell,"
For she wanted her man
Who'd been doing her wrong.

Roll out your rubber tired carriages
Roll out your rubber tired hack
For there's fourteen pimps to the cemetery going
And there's one not coming back.

September 17, 1923

LA SOMBRA DE UN PALMAR

Soy huerfanita Ay.
No tengo padre ni madre
Ni una amiga Ah.
Que me venga a consolar.
Mis ojitos van y vienen
Como las olas del mar
Mis ojitos van y vienen
Como las olas del mar.

E. S. Fowlds

September 17, 1923

A las Poches de California
No les gusta la tortilla
Que les gusta en la mesa
Es el pan con mantequilla.

E. S. Fowlds

September 17, 1923

LADY LIL

She was the best the camp produced.

E. S. Fowlds

September 17, 1923

LA CUCURACHA

Todas las mujeres tienen
En el pecho una esperanza
Y mas abajito tienen
Un retrato de Carranza.

La Cucuracha, La Cucuracha,
Ya no puede caminar
Por tiene falta, por que la falta
Marihuana que fumar.

E. S. Fowlds

October 20, 1923

Never let a sailor boy get an inch above your knee.

- - - - -

I'd dress him up in a sailor suit and sent him off to sea.

(request)

John L. Bracken

November 15, 1923

Sister you'll be called upon
For some of that your sittin' on.

(request)

D. C. Stearns

THE LITTLE DUTCH SOLDIER FROM OVER THE RHINE

Saint Paul, Saint Peter, Saint Margarite,
Saint Paul, Saint Peter, John Jones.

"We used to have in circulation, when I was a kid, a bawdy song, with a refrain that varied in different localities, one being the above."

E. S. Lawson [on envelope]

November 10, 1924

SALLY BROWN

Oh Sally Brown my love grows bigger
But for Heavens sake don't f-ck that nigger.

J. N. West

November 10, 1924

ROLL THE COTTON DOWN

Oh, when last I was in Frisco Town
Roll the cotton down,
I never ever will forget
Oh, roll the cotton down.

I was drinking steam beer all day long
Until I could drink no more, no more.

And I felt in my mind full inclined
That I would go to sea no more.

Oh, last night I slept with "Angeline"
An' she was afeared and wouldn't turn in.

But when I woke up next morning
All my clothes and money then had fled.

Oh, when I was walking down the street
All the whores and pimps were roaring.

See there goes poor Jack to sea once more
So I went down to a boarding house.

Which was kept by Mister "Shang Haj" Brown
Says he, I'll give you a chance and take your advance.

And send you to sea once more
So he shipped me on a whaler.

Who was bound for the cold antartic seas
An' I had no money to buy clothes.

And Lord almighty how I froze.

"I cannot remember some lines that are missing and
anyway this whole thing seems garbled to me but that's
how I heard it from an old Irishman.

November 10, 1924

A LONG TIME AGO

I wish to God that I'd never been born
To me way-hey-heyan.
To go rambling round and round Cape Horn,
A long time ago.

Around Cape Horn where the wild winds blow,
Around Cape Horn through sleet and snow.

It's a long, long time since I've had a glass rum
Oh, if I was the skipper I'd give the crew some.

Oh, it's a long, long time since I've had a "short time".
[This and some more lines of like character were repeted twice.]

Oh, it's a long, long time since I've had a good "f-ck",
Oh, it's a long, long time since I've had a good "f-ck".

And it's a long, long time since I've had a sore cock.

And it's a long, long time since my last "chancre" went.

Oh, it's a long, long time since I've had a "whole night".

May 1, 1925

DIRTY OLD BROWN

There was an old lady
I'd have you know
Who went up to London
A short time ago.
She liked it quite well
And she thot she would stay
The neighbors were tickled
When she went away.

Singing Brown, Brown,
Dirty Old Brown.

Now when this old lady
Retired for the night
She said Oh gor blime
I believe I must shit
There's no use in talking
About things that have past
So up went the window
And out went her ass.

There was an old watchman
Who chanced to pass by
Looked up got a chunk of shit
Right square in the eye
He put up his hand
To see where he was hit
He says Oh gor blime
I'm blinded with shit.

Now this poor old watchman
Was blinded for life
He had five healthy children
And a fine fucking wife
On a London street corner
You may now see him sit
With a sign on his chest
Reading blinded with shit.

December, 1927

There once was a gay Don d'Ilio,
Who lived in a high white castilio
And he played with his Trototoilio
And the works of his Raggle de bam
Bam! Bam!

One day to that high white castilio
There came a gay young senorio
And she played with his Trototoilio
And the works of his Raggle de bam
Bam! Bam!

Next day that gay Don d'Ilio
Laid her down on a soft sofailio
And he eased in his Trototoilio
And the works of his Raggle de bam
Bam! Bam!

Nine days later that gay Don d'Ilio
Gnashed his teeth with rage at the senorio
And gazed with sorrow on his Trototoilio
And the works of his Raggle de bam
Bam! Bam!

He went to see Dr. Gonzalio
Who told him he had the clapilio
And he gave him a bottle of Castorio
For the works of his Raggle de bam
Bam!. Bam!

December, 1927

LULU

The first time I saw Lulu
She was tall and thin
A settin' on a box-car
Playing with a couplin-pin.

Bang away my Lulu
Bang away good and strong
O, what're you gonna do for banging
Then your Lulu's dead and gone.

The next time I saw Lulu
She was short and fat
Some son of a bitch had knocked her up
Now what do you think of that?

My Lulu got arrested
Ten dollars was her fine
She said to the judge, "You son of a bitch,
Take it out of this ass on mine."

My Lulu had a baby
She called him Sunny Jim
She put him in the shit-pot
To see if he could swim.

I wish I was a diamond ring
Upon my Lulu's hand
Then every time she wiped her ass
I'd see her promised land.

O, you ought to see my Lulu
She is the village queen
Her ass is full of buttermilk
Her cunt is full of cream.

THE JOLLY FISHERMAN

Oh, I say jolly fisherman, I love you very well
Holy Moses, ain't it cold?

Oh, I say jolly fisherman, I love you very well
Have you any deep sea crabs for to sell?
Singin' one eye, two eye, die.

Oh, I got that deep sea crab by the very backbone
And I russled and I tussled till I got the bugger home.

When I got in the house, the old lady was asleep
So I put that deep sea crab in the piss pot for to keep.

In the middle of the night, she got up to do her due
And that deep sea crab grabbed her by the ding dang doo.

"Oh, I say, John Henry, can't you help a little bit?
There's a devil in the piss pot, and his eyes are full of shit."

John Henry got up,--put on his overalls
And that deep sea crab a-grabbed him by the balls.

Now my story is done, and I don't know anymore
There's an apple up my ass-hole, and you can have the core.

"This one I got from a fellow who said it came from New England
fisherman."

BOLAKEE BILL THE SAILOR

Oh who's that knocking at my door
Says the fair young maiden.
Oh who's that knocking at my door
Says the fair young maiden.

Oh this is me and no one else
Says Bolakee Bill the sailor.

I'll open the door and let you in
Says the fair young maiden.

Now I am here I'll stay till dawn
Says Bolakee Bill the sailor.

But a babe now I shall have
Says the fair young maiden.

But it will never see its daddy
Says Bolakee Bill the sailor.

And if it be a lass
Says the fair young maiden.

Strangle it as soon as its born
Says Bolakee Bill the sailor.

But if it be a laddie
Says the fair young maiden.

Send him out to sea
Says Bolakee Bill the sailor.

I'll make him bell bottom trousers
Says the fair young maiden.

Get him a suit of navy blue
Says Bolakee Bill the sailor.

And he will climb the riggings
Says the fair young maiden.

Like his daddy used to do
Says Bolakee Bill the sailor.

BOLAKEE BILL THE SAILOR (2)

Now all you woman folks
Listen now to mw
Do not trust a sailor
An inch above your knee.
Take my advice
And keep them from your homes
For they always cause trouble
And soon they will roam.

"Some of the words are pretty raw so I have altered
them, also a line or two."

Cousin Jack

May 26, 1925

FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE

Bring on your thousand policemen
 Throw me in a thousand jails
 Throw the keys in the deep, deep sea
 So the (pimps) gang can't go my bail.
 You've killed your man
 Who done you wrong.

Bring on your rubber tired hearses,
 Bring on your rubber tired hacks,
 Hearse to take Johnnie to the grave yard
 A hack to bring his poor mother back
 Who killed her man
 Cause he done her wrong.

Frankie went down to the hop joint
 She rang the hop joint bell,
 She says: stand back all you (hors and pimps) boys and girls,
 Or I'll blow you clean to hell.
 I'se lookin for my man
 Who done me wrong.

Turn me over, Frankie
 Turn me over slow
 Turn me on my right side
 Those bullets hurt me so
 You've killed your man
 Cause he done you wrong.

"Frankie and Johnnie were colored people, a real black man and a fine looking Creole girl and were both 'opium smokers' and sporting people from Frisco and California in general and the old Stingaree at San Diego and Tia Jauana, Mex., was their favorite hold outs in the early days or what would be around 20 years ago. The song is supposed to be true and what happened to them through jealousy. I myself have heard this song sang in hop joints up and down the coast and in Calif., mostly sang by colored people and much loved by them as their idea of romance."

May 26, 1925

Down on front street, back on main,
Trying to bum a dime to buy cocane.
O, baby, honey, cook a pill for me.

Hop is one thing, coke is another,
Run down my dope and I'll scandlize your mother.
O, baby, cook a pill for me.

Look here old gal you better look around
Before you get to prancing put your curtain down.
O, baby, honey, cook a pill for me.

There's only one thing that bothers my mind
A house full of girls and none of em mine.
O, baby, honey, cook a pill for me.

Went down to the store, well a store full of smoke,
A sign on the door, there's no more coke.
O, baby, honey, cook a pill for me.

Dreamed I saw a ship loaded with hop
O, baby, honey, cook a pill for me.

A hop head went for a merry stroll
Looked for a drunk whom he may roll.
O, baby, honey, cook a pill for me.

"another sporting song that used to be sang by the
old gang that used to be around Frisco and Barbary Coast
years ago."

December 12, 1926

RING DANG DOO

And I'll do as I please
With my ring dang doo.

Come all you sailors
And civvys too
And play a tune
On my ring dang doo.

He gave her clap,
And syphilis too
And she went to Hell
With her ring dang doo.

"one in active circulation throughout the navy, and
on a few merchant ships."

William F. Burroughs

December 12, 1926

When I was young and foolish
It was to my delight,
To go to balls and dances,
And stay out late at night.

'Twas at the ball I met him,
He asked me for a dance.
I knew he was a sailor
By the buttons on his pants.

His shoes were nicely polished,
His hair was neatly combed,
And when the dance was over
He asked to see me home.

'Twas in my mother's hallway
Where I was led astray.
'Twas in my mother's bedroom
Where I was forced to lay.

He laid me down so gently
And pulled my dress up high,
And said my darling Nellie
I'll have it now or die.

Come all you foolish girlies
And take a tip from me
Never let a sailor,
Get an inch above your knee.

He'll love you and he'll kiss you
He'll say there's none like you
But when he's copped your cherry
He'll say to hell with you.

"I heard it first on the U.S.S. Intrepid, the Mare
Island station ship and later of the U.S.S. Celtic at
the Isle of Guam."

William F. Burroughs

December 12, 1926

THOSE LITTLE RED DRAWERS THAT MAGGIE WORE

When Maggie died
She called me to her side
And willed to me
Those little red drawers
That Maggie wore
They were tattered
They were torn
You could tell they had been worn
They were baggy at the knees
And the cracks were filled with cheese
Those little red drawers
That Maggie willed to me.

"We used to sing it up and down the C. & O. canal
about twelve years ago."

William F. Burroughs

I placed my arms around her waist,
And gantly laid her down;
Not meaning to do her any harm;
But the blackbird and the thrush
Hid their heads behind the brush,
As I wound up her little ball of yarn.

"song sung by a man on the scaffold as he was about
to be hanged for a certain unmentionable crime."

Lee Gotcher

I'd rather be a pimp to a Mexican whore
Than a first class sergeant in the Hospital Corpse.

I'd rather be a bull dog in a nigger's back yard
Than the ranking duty general in the National Guard.

[I'd rather be a monkey in the top of a tree
Than the Lieutenant-Colonel in the Q.M.C.]

"which, though little known to the citizen-soldiers
of 1917-18, was much sung by regulars of that period and
previous."

Allen P. Wescott

FRANKIE

Frankie and Johnnie were lovers,
 And Gawd but they knew how to love,
 And they swore they'd be true to each other,
 True as the stars above.

But the son of a b——
 He done her wrong.

Frankie lived down by the railroad
 In a house that had only one door
 She gave all her money to Johnny,
 Who spent it on a parlor house w——.
 And the, etc.

Frankie went down to the corner
 To buy her a scuttle of beer
 And she says to the kind old bar-tender
 "Have you seen my loving Johnny round here?"
 "Why the s— o— b——
 He's a doing you wrong!"

"Now I ain't goin' to tell you a story
 I ain't goin' to tell you a lie,
 If you're looking for your lovin' Johnny
 He's with that parlor house wh——, Nellie Bly."
 The, etc.

Frankie went down to the w—— house
 And she didn't go there for fun
 For under her dirty kimona
 She's packing a forty four gun
 To get the man
 That was doin' her wrong.

Frankie she spy-ed her Johnny,
 Johnny he hollers, "Don't shoot."
 But the fourty-four calibre spoke five times
 With a rooty toot tooty toot toot.
 And she got the man, etc.

"Bring on your rubber tired buggies
 Bring on your rubber tired hack
 And take my man to the cemetery
 And don't you ever bring him back."
 For the s— o— b——
 He done me wrong.

FRANKIE (2)

Lock me up in a dungeon
Throw me down in a cell
Where the north east wind blows forty miles an hour
From the south west corner of hell
For I've shot the man, etc.

"The above represents the thing as I know it now.
It's a kind of conglomerate of the version I learned
in the army and the one current when I went to college
('16) right in your own town of Cambridge."

Francis Boyer

April 15, 1925

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

Frankie went to a hop-joint,
Frankie rang the bell,
"Get out of the way, you pimps and shores,
Or I'll blow you plumb to hell
For he's my man
And he done me wrong."

H. L. Davis

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

Frankie and Johnny were lovers.
Oh my good God, how they loved.
Swore to be true to each other
Just as true as the stars above,
 He was her man,
 But he done her wrong.

Frankie and Johnny got married,
They were happy as everyone knows,
Till Frankie gave Johnny some money
To buy him some new clothes,
 He was her man,
 But he done her wrong.

Johnny went down to the cat-house
House with only two doors,
Spent all Frankie's money
On the —— and the parlor ——
 He was her man,
 But he done her wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner
To get her a cool glass of beer.
She says, "Mister Bartender,
Has my lovin' man been here?"
 "Been here and gone,
 Bout an hour ago."

"Ain't gonna tell you no story,
Ain't gonna tell you no lie,
Johnny went down to the cat-house
To call on Nellie Bly,
 If he's your man,
 He's a doin' you wrong."

Frankie went down to the cat-house,
She didn't go there for fun.
Under her blue gingham apron
Was a colt steel forty-four gun,
 Lookin' for her man,
 What done her wrong.

Frankie she went to the cat-house,
Looked in the window so high,
There she saw her Johnny
In bed with Nellie Bly,
 He was her man,
 But he done her wrong.

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY (2)

Frankie bust into the cat-house
Pistol in her hand.

"Stand back, ye ———, on her ———,
I'm a-lookin' for my man,
And I'll get him, too,
The son of a ———.

Johnny he ran down the back stairs
Hollerin, "Honey, don't shoot!"
But Frankie cut loose with her forty-four
And the gun went "Root-ta-toot-toot!"

"Turn me over easy,
Turn me over slow,
Turn me over easy,
That bullet hurts me so,
I was her man,
But I done her wrong."

Then came the funeral procession,
Moving easy and slow,
Frankie she sat by the window
And watched the mourners go
To bury her man
What done her wrong.

"Rubber-tired buggy,
Double seated hack,
Take my Johnny to the cemetery
But bring his ——— back,
Best part of the man
What done me wrong."

Frankie she sits in her parlor
Tellin' her sister Fan
"Whatever you do don't never
Marry no gamblin' man,
—— their souls
They'll do you wrong.

So if you should ever get married
Don't hink it's all fun,
Remember the tale of Frankie,
How she used her forty-four gun
To shoot her man
What done her wrong.

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY (3)

But if you marry a sportin' woman
Be sure you treat her right,
Kick her --- out every morning,
Take her money every night,
The --- ---
She's a doin' you wrong.

"I have heard portions of this song sung many times, but I never heard a complete version but once, and that was the first time I ever heard it. This was in Ithaca, N.Y. in 1912 or 1913 at an informal gathering of Cornell students in the back room of a saloon. The singer was a student whose name I can't remember, but he was a Southerner and if I am not mistaken a Texan. . . Since then, as I say, I have heard portions of the song many times, different verses in almost every case. . . In particular I have heard, somewhere, three or four verses which tell of the arrest, trial and execution of Frankie via the electric chair - evidently late additions. There follows the song as I first heard it. . I have tried to set it down word for word—with a few exceptions."

March 20, 1925

AWAY RIO

Oh where are you going to my pretty maid?

Away Rio!

Oh where are you going to my pretty maid?

And we're bound to Rio Grande.

"I'm going out milking, sor," she said.

May I go with you my pretty maid?

"Oh, yes, if you please, kind sor," she said.

Well then will you diddle me, my pretty maid?

"Oh, yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.

"Then they began at the top and sang it over again until the cable was up and down. They were supported—at least once I remember—by the captain—a Norwegian.—I remember that when I went to Greenland on the bark Argenta for a load of cryolite the sailors usually sang Sunday School songs, learned at the bethels, instead of chanteys, and those were sung at the windlass only. They never sang when making sail. On another bark in the port (Ivighet [?]) the men sang 'Away Rio' over and over again—no other song of any kind."

THE FAIR YOUNG MAIDEN

"Who's that knocking at my door?"

Said the fair young maiden.

"Who's that knocking at my door?"

Said the fair young maiden.

"It's me an' I wanna get in;"

Said Abram Brown the sailor.

"It's me an' I wanna get in;"

Said Abram Brown the sailor.

"Open the door and walk in;"

Said the fair young maiden.

"Open the door and walk in;"

Said the fair young maiden.

"There's only room in the bed for one,"

Said Abram Brown the sailor,

"There's only room in the bed for one,"

Said Abram Brown the sailor.

"You can sleep between my thighs,"

Said the fair young maiden.

"You can sleep between my thighs,"

Said the fair young maiden.

"What is that hairy thing I see?"

Said Abram Brown the sailor.

"What is that hairy thing I see?"

Said Abram Brown the sailor.

"That is my pin cushion,"

Said the fair young maiden.

"That is my pin cushion,"

Said the fair young maiden.

"I have the pin and it must go in,"

Said Abram Brown the sailor.

"I have the pin and it must go in,"

Said Abram Brown the sailor.

"What if we should have a child?"

Said the fair young maiden.

"What if we should have a child,"

Said the fair young maiden.

"I'd kill the dirty son of a bitch,"

Said Abram Brown the sailor.

"I'd kill the dirty son of a bitch,"

Said Abram Brown the sailor.

LULU

Oh, Lulu was arrested
Ten dollars was the fine,
She said to the judge you son of a bitch
Take it out of this ass of mine.

Oh bang away on Lulu
Oh bang her good and strong,
For what are you gonna do for your banging
When Lulu's dead and gone?

Oh Lulu went to the football game
The football made a punt.
The half back made a miss
And it went up Lulu's cunt.

Oh Lulu went to the circus
To see what she could see
Oh she got stuck on Jumbo's nuts
And wouldn't come home with me.

Oh Lulu had a baby
She called him Sunny Dick
She couldn't call it Lulu
'Cause it didn't have no -----.

William F. Burroughs

PARLEZ VOUS

Oh the farmer had a daughter fair,
Parlez vous,
Oh the farmer had a daughter fair,
Parlez vous,
Oh the farmer had a daughter fair
With milk white tits and golden hair
Hinkey Dinkey Parlez Vous.

Oh up the stairs and on the bed
Was where she lost her maiden head.

In two months time she began to swell
Until she got as big as Hell.

After nine months she gave a grunt
And a little marine hopped out of her cunt.

The little marine he grew and he grew
And now he's screwin' the ladies too.

Oh the little marine went over the top
To make the Kaiser suck his cock.

Oh Mademoiselle from gay Paree
She had the clap and she gave it to me.

FRANKIE AND ALBERT

Frankie was a good woman
As everybody knows
She hocked her rings and all her things
To buy her man some clothes.
 He was her man,
 But he done her wrong.

Frankie and Albert were sweethearts
They had a quarrell one day
Said Albert to Frankie I'm done with you
And I'm goin' away.
 He was her man
 But he done her wrong.

Frankie broke down crying
She bowed her head with woe
When she looked up she was all alone,
And said, "Where did my Albert go?"
 He was my man
 But he's doin' me wrong.

Frankie went down to the barroom
She ordered a bottle of beer
Said Frankie to the bartender
"Has my lovin' Albert been here?"
 He was my man
 But he's done me wrong.

Said the bartender to Frankie
"I'll tell you no stories or lies
Your lovin' man left an hour ago
With a woman that you despise.
 He was your man,
 But he's doing you wrong."

Then Frankie went into the hockshop
She didn't go there for fun.
She hocked her rings and all her clothes
To buy a great big "41"
 She's going to find her man
 Because he done her wrong.

Frankie started for home then.
She had blood in her eye.
If I find that dark skinned man of mine
He sure is goin' to die.
 He was my man
 But he's done me wrong.

FRANKIE AND ALBERT (2)

Frankie climbed the back door stairs
She looked in the transom high
There she saw her lovin' man
Bangin' old Nancy Bly.
He was her man
But he's doing her wrong.

Albert rolled over and saw her
Said "Frankie don't you shoot."
But Frankie pulled that old "41"
It went Root-a-toot-a-toot-toot!
She shot her man
'Cause he done her wrong.

Frankie shot him the first time
Then Frankie shot him twice
Frankie shot him the third time
And he hollared "Oh, Jesus Christ!"
He was her man
But he done her wrong.

Frankie missed him the first time
Then she shot him in the side
Frankie shot him the third time
And he rolled right over and died.
He was her man
But he done her wrong.

Turn me over gently
Raise my head up high
I want to see that gal of mine
Once more before I die.
I was her man
But I done her wrong.

Then Frankie went down to Mrs. Jones's
She fell down on her knees
She said, "Mrs. Jones, I done shot your son
But won't you forgive me please?"
He was my man
But he done me wrong."

"Now go call a policeman
And have him take me away
Lock me down in a dungeon dark
And throw the old keys away
My heart's like lead
'Cause my Albert's dead.

FRANKIE AND ALBERT (3)

Bring on your rubber tired carriages
 Bring on your rubber tired hack
 They're goin' to take Albert to the graveyard
 And they ain't agoin' to bring him back.

He was my man
 But he done me wrong.

The jailer gave her coffee
 The jailor gave her tea
 He gave her everything she wanted
 Except that good old jail house key
 She shot her man
 Because he done her wrong.

Frankie stole out one morning
 She didn't make a sound
 She left a note on the jailers desk
 Sayin' she was Alabama bound.
 She shot her man
 Because he done her wrong.

The angels up in heaven
 Said, "Here's something we don't get.
 Frankie shot Albert a month ago
 And the fool ain't got here yet!"
 He was her man
 But he done her wrong.

"I first heard this song in Camp Mills, Long Island, in 1917. It was sung by a boy who was in a machine gun company from Georgia. Who he was I do not know. I heard verses of it going to France the same years but never the complete song until one night in Bocarrat, France. I heard a boy sing it. He was from Alabama (a regular cracker, if you know what I mean.) We were in a cafe (French equivalent for bar) and he was fairly well organized but man he could sing! He used to sing it along with another song entitled 'Uncle Bud'. This man said he learned the song from his Dad and that it was an actual happening."

WHORE'S LAMENT

Then ta-ake me ter ther churchyard and throw der clorth over me,
I'm a poor who-ore and mi mission is done!

"'Once upon a time', while upon a prospecting trip for coal, I happened to land in a logging camp at nightfall, in the Western country. One of the near by 'town girls' had died that day of T.B., and other complications, and some of her admirers had 'chipped in' and gave her a 'hell-er-ver' good funeral. The group of 30 men was then, more or less, full of 'Oregon whiskey' which in 1877 was a compound 'rectified' in Front St., San Francisco, and had in it somewhat of oil of mustard, that added to the 'cut' as it went down. These 'mourners' had just returned from the grave. Among them were some very good voices, and altho uncultivated, yet rich in tone, and altho the song had quite a number of words that I will not here repeat, yet the chorus ran [see above] I was asked to contribute \$1.00 to the occasion, and promptly did so, and as 'booze' is 'nt one of my weak points, I got full benefit of what I saw and heard; and this song and chorus was sung all through the night, so that it could not be forgotten no matter how hard one might try to forget; in fact I found myself humming it months after in a country far from that camp."

The devil and the dutch
And the dun cow fit.
The devil whipped the dutch
And the dun cow ——.

(a request) "four lines I heard when a boy sung by
another boy and all he knew."

J. F. Peverley

That's where my money goes
To buy my baby clothes
To keep her in style.

She's got a ten room flat
That's where I jazz her at,
Say, boys, that's where my money goes.

She's got some pretty knees,
I buy her pink chamoise,
Say, boys, that's where my money goes.

She's got a limousine,
I buy the gasoline.
Say, boys, that's where my money goes.

She gets her own silk hose,
I buy her other clothes (or, underclothes).
Say, boys, that's where my money goes.

"another tired Tommy song."

Oh, the bear went over the mountain,
The bear went over the mountain,
The beat went over the mountain,
To see what he could find.

Oh, he found a stick o' charcoal,
He stuck it up his arshole,
The sparks few of his tadpole, (sic)
And that is all he found.

"Tune: 'Pop Goes The Weasel'"

THE WEAVER

I am a bachelor, and I live by myself;
And I work at the weaver's trade.
And the only, only thing I ever did wrong,
Was to woo a fair young maid.

I wooed her in the summertime,
And part of the winter too,
And the only, only thing I ever did wrong
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she came to my bed side,
When I was fast asleep.
She laid her head upon my bed,
And then began to weep.

She sighed, she cried, she dam near died.
She said, "What shall I do-o?"
So I took her in my bed and I covered up her head
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Oh I am a bachelor, and I live with my son
And we work at the weaver's trade.
And every, every time I look into his eyes
I'm reminded of that maid.

Reminded in the summertime,
And part of the winter too,
Of the many, many times I took her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

"It's a favorite ranger song in the Sierras, and I
ran across it a year ago."

THE RING DANG DO

She took me down into the celler
And said I was a damn' good feller.

She gave me wine and whisky too,
And let me play with her ring dang do.

I laid her down upon the coals
And gave her a taste of my jelly roll.

Her mother came before we were through,
"O shame, O shame, O shame on you."

O daughter dear, go right ahead,
For you have broke your maiden head."

"Sung by a young sailor to the tune of 'How Dry I Am' "

A young Dutch soldier came over the Rhine,
 Schnapoo, schnapoo,
 A young Dutch soldier came over the Rhine,
 Schnapoo, schnapoo,
 A young Dutch soldier came over the Rhine,
 -----,
 Schnapoo, schnapoo,
 ----- -Schnapoo.

 No, my daughter is too young,
 Schnapoo, schnapoo,

O no, mother, I'm not too young,
 Schnapoo, schnapoo,
 O no, mother, I'm not too young,
 Schnapoo, schnapoo,
 Oh no mother, I'm not too young,
 It's often been tried by Richard and John,
 Schnapoo, schnapoo,
 ----- -Schnapoo.

(request)

R. W. Yearley

Oh the beautifull lakes of Australur
Wher the ladys are hansum and fair,
Oh! She jumped in the watter with fear or alarme
And her lilly white thyes they spred out as she swarm,
And her hair flowing free and every stran black
Saying watch me kind Sur as I swim on my back
In the beautifull lakes of Australur
Where the ladys are hansum and fair.

[For MUSIC see letter 2179]

C. W. Loutzenhiser

CHRISTOPHO

"Here is what made me suspect that it's of more or less ancient origin—I showed a version to a Mr. F. L. LaBounty, formerly a professor of English and then advertising manager of the Jello Company. Mr. LaBounty said that one stanza, containing the line

'The white of an egg ran down her leg'

had stuck in his memory since he was a boy. He had heard his father reel it off probably thirty years ago but had never heard it since. Now his father fought in the Civil War in Farragut's fleet, and from the end of the Civil War until his death was a combination invalid and misanthrope who almost never left his own home and had no intimate friends. Mr. LaBounty was convinced that his father's only contact with the rough, tough world came during the Civil War and that he could only have learned the lines at that time. This seems to me pretty fair evidence. The only question is—were these lines dragged into 'Christoph' from some older song?"

SLIM JONES' HOUSE.

O ah went down t' Slim Jones house
An' Sally she wus scrubbin'
Little Johnny's shirt tail it was short
An' ah seed his little nubbin.

Ki-yi-yi an' a too-ral-loo,
Hooray foh ma wife Mandy,
She says when ah's drunk ah's ornery
But when sober ah's a dandy.

Ah went down t' Slim Jones house
An' Slim he wus a-drinkin'

...
...

J. F. McGinnis.
(See also 2100)

FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE

Frankie and Johnnie were lovers
 Oh my God, how they could love
 They swore to be true to each other
 As true as the stars above.

He was her man
 And he done her wrong.

Frankie she lived in a crib house
 A crib house with only one door
 She gave all her money to Johnnie
 Who spent it on a parlor house whore.

And he was her man
 What done her wrong.

Frankie she was a good girl
 As all the neighborhood knows
 She gave her Johnnie a hundred dollar bill
 Just to buy himself some clothes.

And he was her man
 What done her wrong.

One night when Frankie was lonely
 And nobody came to call
 She put on her dirty kimona
 And went down to the nickel crawl.

She was looking for her man
 What was doin't her wrong.

Oh, frankie went down to the corner
 Just to buy herslef a beer
 She said to the big bartender
 "Has my lovin' man been here?"

I'm looking for the man
 What's a doing me wrong?"

"Well, I ain't gonna tell you no stories,
 And I ain't gonna tell you no lies
 But Johnnie was here 'bout an hour ago
 With that high yaller Nelly Bly."

"God-damn his soul
 He's a cheating the game."

Oh, Frankie went down to the hop-joint
 This time it wasn't for fun,
 Underneath her dirty kimona
 She had a big forty-four gun

To shoot the man
 What was doing her wrong.

FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE (2)

And when she reached the hop-joint
 And she looked in the window so high
 There she saw Johnnie a sittin'
 Finger-fuckin' Nellie Ply.

The son of a bitch
 He was dealin' it cold.

Frankie she knocked at the hop joint
 And she rang the hop joint bell
 She yelled, "Clear out, all you whores and pimps
 I'm going to blow my lover to hell.

God burn his balls
 He's a doing me wrong."

Johnnie heard Frankie a-comin'
 And yelled, "My God, don't shoot
 But Frankie pulled her forty-four gatling gun
 Five times, -Root, tooty-toot-toot

Right into the man
 What had done her wrong.

"Oh, roll me over gently
 Roll me over slow
 Roll me over on my right side
 So the bullets won't hurt me so

For I was your man
 Though I done you wrong."

"Oh, roll up your rubber tired hearses
 Hearses all lined with black
 Take me out to the cemetery
 And I'll never, never, never come back

Oh, I was you man
 And I done you wrong."

"Oh, lock me up in the dungeon
 And throw the fuckin' key away
 I've gone and killed my lover Johnnie
 And I never want to live another day

Oh, I've killed my man
 What done me wrong."

But the sheriff said, "Frankie, don't worry
 I guess it was all for the best
 He was always pimping and whoring around
 My God! he was an awful pest

And he was your man
 And he done you wrong."

FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE (3)

And the judge he said, "Looka here, Frankie,
This case is as plain as can be
You went and shot your lover Johnnie
And it's murder in the first degree.

 You killed your man
 What's been doing you wrong.

Frankie said, "Judge, I'm sorry
For all that's come to pass
But I never shot him in the first degree
I shot him in his big fat ass.

 For he was my man
 And he done me wrong."

Frankie now sits in the parlor
Underneath the 'lectric fan
Warning her little grand daughters
"Beware the God-damn man

 Yes, he'll do you wrong
 Just as sure as you're born.

(Unhappy variant—)

Frankie climbed up the scaffold
As calm as a girl can be
And turning her eyes to heaven, she said,
"Good Lord, I'm a coming to thee."

FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE

Frankie and Johnnie were lovers.
 Lordy, how they could love!
 Swore they'd be true to each other,
 True as the bright stars above,
 He was her man
 But he done her wrong.

Frankie walked down to the corner,
 Down to the grocery store;
 There she saw Johnny, her lover,
 Talking to a parlor-house whore.
 He was her man, etc.

Frankie went into the hardware,
 Bought a big butcher knife,
 Said "As sure as I'm standing here,
 I'll have that hooker's life."
 He was her man, etc.

 After the shooting was over,
 Frankie felt so big and stout,
 She stuck her forty-four beneath her apron
 And she done that slow-drag out.
 He was her man, etc.

Frankie's mother said to Frankie,
 "Frankie, you've killed your man."
 The only answer that Frankie made
 Was "I don't give a damn,
 He was my man
 But he done me wrong."

"Bring up a thousand policemen,
 Take me to prison so gray,
 Lock me up in a dungeon deep
 And throw the f--kin' key away,
 Cause I killed my man,
 But he done me wrong."

"Bring up your rubber-tired carriage,
 Bring up your rubber-tired hack;
 They're taking poor Johnnie to the graveyard
 And he ain't never going to come back.
 He was her man
 But he done her wrong.

FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE (2)

Frankie stood on the corner
To watch the funeral go by
Bring back my poor dead Johnnie to me
To the undertaker she did cry.

Call in ten thousand policemen
Call in a million more
You'll need all those policemen
To arrest that old fat whore.

The sheriff took poor Frankie
He took her at the break of day
He locked her up in a dungeon dark
And took the keys away.

"Miscellaneous stanzas"

Hubert Canfield

HINKY DINKY PARLEY VOO

A big Marine went over to France,
 Parleyvoo,
 A big Marine went over to France,
 Parleyvoo,
 A big Marine went over to France,
 With seventeen inches in his pants,
 Hinky Dinky Parleyvoo.

And there he met a damsel fâir,
 Parleyvoo,
 And there he met a damsel fair,
 Parleyvoo,
 And there he met a damsel fair,
 With big blue eyes and curly hair,
 Hinky Dinky Parleyvoo.

The first three months and all went well,
 Parleyvoo,
 The second three months she began to swell,
 Parleyvoo,
 The third three months she gave a grunt,
 And a little Marine jumped out of her cunt,
 Hinky Dinky Parleyvoo.

The little Marine he grew and grew,
 Parleyvoo,
 The little Marine he grew and grew,
 Parleyvoo,
 The little Marine he grew and grew,
 And learned to fuck the girlies too,
 Hinky Dinky Parleyvoo.

Oh the French they are a dirty race,
 Parleyvoo,
 The French they are a dirty race,
 Parleyvoo,
 The French they are a dirty race,
 They fight with their feet, fuck with their face,
 Hinky Dinky Parleyvoo.

If you don't believe the story I tell,
 Parleyvoo,
 If you don't believe the story I tell,
 Parleyvoo,
 If you don't believe the story I tell,
 You can kiss my ass and go to hell,
 Hinky Dinky Parleyvoo.

"I have actually heard them sung by men overseas"

Oh there was a little man,
 An' he had a little wife,
 And he loved this little woman,
 As dear as his life.

Singin' tow row raddy too-ra-loo-al-ay.

-----"Forgotten, but he was out with the boys and he brought home a couple of lobsters to make use of some time in the coming day and being a pitch black night and he having a good souse on he didn't light the candle to go to bed by, and not wanting the lobsters to navigate 'round the house while he was asleep, he bethought of the thundermug which lay 'neath the bed where his darling lay asleep, then after getting his duds off he went to sleep in a hurry.
 Act.II. His dearly beloved awoke some time during the night for to pump ship and reached for the aforesaid thundermug and proceeded to ease herself, when Lo! the lobsters feeling themselves once more in their native element (although 'twas a bit warm) got gay and reached out a couple of hooks with the result that wifey began to scream--

Oh!! Husband! Dear Husband!
 I pray you come hither!
 The Divil's in the Piss Pot
 An' got me by the bladder.

Singin' tow-row-raddy-too-ra-loo-al-ay.

-----"Sad to relate but I can't remember any more at the present time."

BOLLYCKY BILL THE SAILOR

Oh! where will I sleep to-night, fair maid,
Said Bollicky Bill, the Sailor,
You'll sleep in my bed, the maiden said,
To Bollicky Bill, the Sailor.

He went up stairs to her lily white bed,
Did Bollicky Bill the Sailor,
He took the pillow from under her head,
And put it under her ass, instead,
Did Bollicky Bill the Sailor.

Mah fathah's in tha workhouse,
Mah muthah's in jail
Mah sistah's in ho' house
Wid pussy fo' sale.

"From Washington, D. C."

William F. Burroughs

Eyes right, assholes tight,
Foreskins to th' front.
We're the boys that make no noise
We're always after cunt.

We're th' hercoes of the night
We would rather fuck than fight.
We're the heroes of the foreskin fusileers.

Oh rolling home, blind drunk.
Oh rolling home, blind drunk.
(Repeat twice again)

"From the Lanca'shire Lassies at Manchester, Eng.
First verse to tune of : 'Where do we go from here.'
Other two verses to different tunes yet."

Where every tree is a ——
And houses have no locks
And little streams of alcohol
Come tumbling through the rocks.

William F. Burroughs

THE FISHERMAN'S FRIEND

Good morning, Mr. Fisherman, I wish you mighty well (whistle last 2 bars)
 Good morning, Mr. Fisherman, I wish you mighty well,
 Have you got any sea crabs this morning for to sell
 Oh! yes sir, I have got one, two or three.
 And the best of them all I will give unto thee. (usually a jig step)

The old man took a sea crab by the back bone
 The old man took a sea crab by the back bone
 And like a D- fool he lugged it off for home
 But when he got there for the want of a dish
 He put it in the pot where the old Lady paweawe awe awe awe
 (jig step begins after old lady)

The old lady got up as she was wont
 The old lady got up as she was wont
 And the sea crab reached up and caught her by the C * Rump
 Oh! Lord! Oh husband what is it has me got
 For as shure as God's above the devil's in the pot.

The old man got up to see what the row was all about
 The old man got up to see what the row was all about
 And the sea crab reached up and caught him by the snout
 Oh Son! Oh Daughter! get the horse and the cart
 To pull your father's nose and your mother's ass apart.

Go and get the Priest with all his Holy Water
 Go and get the Priest with all his Holy Water
 To exercise the devil that's holding us together
 But the son got a fork and the daughter got a ladle
 And they pounded that sea crab dedder than the devil.

"Cannot swear to the last verse. I may have run two verses into one. Over 45 years is a long time to remember."

Down in Rio de Janeiro

That dirty Senorita
She gave me a dose of clapita.

"On the S.S.Robin Hood laying at Nictorai or Victorio
or whatever it is across from Rio in Brazil, a New York
kike ordinary seaman with an A.B.ticket (some combination)
sang a short something."

William F. Burroughs

I'd eat a mile
Of her shitty shitty shit
Just to kiss her big brown asshole.

"a song that was popular on the S.S.West Celina (Blake Line).
The song was probably called 'I love my wife.'"

William F. Burroughs

Oh John saw a tulip
A big yellow tulip
When Mary took off her clothes.
She dared him to take it
As she lay strip naked
And he did as every one knows.
Oh she laid a dreaming
While he laid a creaming
'Twas down where the black hairs grow.
His cock was stiffer than julep
When he saw her tulip
For it looked like a big red rose.

"parody of "When You Wore a Tulip", a pre-war item.
I learned this parody about nine years ago."

William F. Burroughs

Mi tiene en la esquina barbaro loco
Mi madre no te cara ni yo tampoco
Creo mi madre para hacer casada
La puta que lo pario mi falta nada.

I have in the corner crazy barbarian
My mother don't love him nor I either
I think for my mother to make a marriage
You son of a wh-re that raised you I lack nothing.

Frank Earnest

Our first sergeant, he's the worst of all
He gets us up in the morning before first call
Squads right, squads left, left front into line
And then the dirty son of a bitch he gives us double time.

Home, boys, home, it's home we ought to be,
Home, boys, home, in the land of liberty.
We'll nail Old Glory to the top of the pole
And we'll all re-enlist in a pigs asshole.

Give us a barrel o whiskey, sugar ahundred pound,
A six inch gun to mix it in a spade to stir it round.
We'll sit on the steps o the guard house, and sing as we used to do
To hell with Aguinaldo and the W.C.T.U.

"The last lines of the chorus were changed during the
late war to read,

"To hell with the W.C.T.U. and the army Y.M.C.A."

Oh she don't act like she oughter,
She's the sergeant major's daughter.
She goes stolling through the garden,
Where the roses grow the thickest
When she can't find grass to wipe her ass,
She wipes it on the picket.

Rinky dinky doodle dum,
Stick your finger up your bum,
Pull it out an smella your thumb,
Rinky dinky doodle dum.

"fragment of Second Cavalry origin"

Four lassies came from Canada,
 Got drunk on cherry wine,
 And all the conversation was,
 Oh your cunt is smaller than mine!

"You're a liar," said the first one,
 "For mine is the biggest by far,
 A full rigged ship could sail right in
 And never touch a spar."

"You're a liar!" said the second one,
 "For mine is as big as the moon.
 A man went in in January
 And never come out until June."

"Oh feel o' my slimy belly,
 Fondle my fat old can,
 Rattle your nuts against my guts,
 I belong to a cavalryman!"

"You're a liar!" said the third one,
 "For mine is as big as the air,
 The sun could set in the crack of my ass,
 And never singe a hair."

"You're a liar! said the fourth one,
 "For mine is the biggest of all,
 I have the flowers twice a month
 As big as Niagara Falls!"

"Oh feel o' my slimy belly,
 Fondle my fat old can,
 Rattle your nuts against my guts,
 I belong to an infantryman!"

"I heard the above with C. company of the Fifth infantry in 1914, in camp near New Bedford. They had come from Plattsburg Barracks. I have since heard it among members of the Thirtieth Infantry from the same garrison, and at Fort Ethan Allen, the branch of the service changing in the chorus according to the one the singer belonged to. Heard some drunks singing it at Connigis, France, near Chateau Thierry. They were probably from the Thirtieth, although that regiments sector was some distance to the left."

Parson chased her round a stump,
Till he los' his tucker
Rearin' tearing mis'able chump--
A worryin' for to ---- her.

R. S. Spears

THE SPARRER

The bloody bloomin' sparrer
 Flew up the bleedin' bloody spout,
 An' the bloomin' bleedin' ra in come down
 An' washed the bloody bloomin' beggar out.

The bloomin' bleedin' sun come out
 An' dried up the bloody bloomin' rain,
 An' the bloomin' bleedin' sparrer
 Flew up the bloody spout agayne.

The bloody bloomin' sparrer
 Sat on the bleedin' bloody grass,
 An' told the f—— thunderstorm
 To —— his bloody ——.

"A long time ago, in the consulship of Grover, there came to this town of Hudson, (where I was born, and to which I have recently returned after nearly forty years of wandering) a squad of the then novel Salvation Army. You know probably what the early Army suffered; it was a lot, for it was the target of everybody high and low, especially the latter. There was a little Cockney among 'em who had come directly from Lunnnon and one night he fell from grace: hard. He weaved down this same Main Street and ever and anon broadcasted the Sparrer."

THE BALLADE OF THE SKUNK

I hont de bear, I hont de moose
 An' sometimes hont de rat.
 Last night I take my axe and go
 To hont de pole-cat.

My fren, Bill, says, "Very fine fur
 An' sometimes good to eat."
 I tell my wife I get fur coat--
 Sometime I get some meat.

I walk about two, three, five, six, miles
 An' then I feel strong smell,
 Tink maybe dat dam skonk he die
 An' fur coat go to hell.

By'mby I see dat skonk
 Close up by one big tree.
 I sneak up ver' close behind
 An' tink he no see me.

Sacre blue! I tink I blind
 Jess Crise! I cannot see.
 I run roun' an' roun' an' roun'
 Till bump in a goddam tree.

By'mby I drop my axe
 An light out for de shack.
 I tink 'bout ten million skonk
 He climb up my back.

My wife, she meet me at de door;
 She sick on me de dog.
 She say, "You no sleep here tonight;
 Go out and sleep with hog."

I try to get in dat hog-pen,
 Jess Crise! Now wat you tink?
 Dat goddam hog no stand for dat
 On account of awful stink.

I no more will hont de skonk
 To get his fur and meat.
 For if his pees he smell so bad,
 Jess Crise! What if he sheet?

THE GOLD NUGGET

Mrs. Smith had presented her husband with a bouncing baby twelve pounds. A friend of Smith's went to a newspaper office and as a joke told them that Smith had found a Gold Nugget. The newspaper sent out a reporter to investigate the case and write a story about it. When he arrived at the house the following conversation took place.

R. "Does Mr. Smith live here?"

Mrs. S. "He does."

R. "Is he in."

Mrs. S. "No, I am sorry to say he is not."

R. "I understand he has found a twelve pound nugget."

Mrs. S. (seeing joke) "Yes, he has."

R. "Can you show me the exact spot where he found it?"

Mrs. S. "I am afraid Mr. Smith would object."

R. "Is the hole very far from here?"

Mrs. S. "Oh no, it is very close."

R. "Has Mr. Smith been working it very long?"

Mrs. S. "About sixteen months."

R. "Was he the first to work it?"

Mrs. S. "He thinks he was but I know better."

R. "Was the work very difficult?"

Mrs. S. "It was at first but he found it easier after a while."

R. "Is the waterfall plentiful?"

Mrs. S. "Sufficient to keep the hole clean."

R. "Has he reached the bottom of the hole yet?"

Mrs. S. "No, but he nearly did the last time he worked it."

R. "Do you think there is any more nuggets there?"

Mrs. S. "Oh yes, if the claim is properly worked."

R. "Has he worked the claim since the nugget was found?"

Mrs. S. "Not yet but I told him last night that it was about time to get busy on it."

R. "Does anyone help him?"

Mrs. S. "Only myself but I do my best."

R. "Do you think he would sell the claim?"

Mrs. S. "Oh no, he has too much pleasure working it."

R. "May I see the nugget?"

Mrs. S. "Certainly".

And when she brought out the baby they carried out the reporter in the ambulance.

Now miles I have traveled, a thousand miles or more
But ballies on a rolling pin I never saw before.

"This is a fair sample of boomer favorites alway followed
by a hymn such as When the Roll is Called up yonder."

Paul L. Jones

Oh it wasn't in the parlor,
It wasn't in the hall,
It was in the kitchen
The darndest place of all
That I rolled it underneath her apron.

"sung by corn shuckers in the White river bottoms."

Paul L. Jones

HESITATION BLUES

Oh, I ain't no butcher nor nor butcher's son
Cut your meat till the butcher comes.

Oh, tell me how must I wait
Can I get it now or must I hesitate.

Ain't no doctor nor no doctor's son
Doctor you up till doctor comes.

Ain't no plumber nor no plumber son
Stop your leak till the plumber comes.

Here I lay face to the wall,
Blone headed women was the cause of it all.

"And a 101 more verses....The chorus is sung on a even pitch except the word wait, the first part of the word sung on the same pitch as the rest of the song, the latter part broke of in a high pitch thus wa^{it}, as if the singer was sing in a high pitch and hit a false note. These two songs were usually sung while swing a pick, the pick being swung in a very slow swing when the pick hit there would be a loud Wa, as if the singer was striking hard blows which he was not."

ALL NIGHT BLUES

The white gal wears her watch of gold
 The yellow gal wears the plain,
 Poor old black got no watch at all,
 But got a movement just the same.

The white gal uses powder and paint
 The yellow gal do the same,
 Poor old black gal got no paint at all
 But she's smellin' just the same.

The white gal sleeps upon a folding bed,
 The yellow gal on the plain.
 The poor old black no bed at all,
 But she gets hers just the same.

I went down to a whore house
 Couldn't have any fun
 Went down to the railroad yards
 And mounted old 51.

And rode—

All night long, honey baby,
 All night long.

I got a gal/she live in Baltimore
 She's high yellow
 And there's c---t marked on her door

And works—

All night long, honey baby,
 All night long.

"I heard it about 15 years ago while doing time on a chain gang in Tenn. for train riding...There were more verses to it than I can remember and seemed popular with the black boys..."

The old maid sat by the fah-yer
She pulled her skirts up hah-yer,
And left her ---- all bah-yer.
The old tom cat was thah-yer,
He saw that ---- all bah-yer,
He gave a jump, and he grabbed that ----,
And he pulled like Hell at the hah-yer!
And now, old maid, take cah-yer,
Let not your ---- go bah-yer,
Or the old tom cat will grab that ----
And pull like Hell at the hah-yer!

"From a half crazy hostler in a livery stable in
Newtonville, spring of 1897. He had more, maybe I can
recall some later."

Charles E. Roe

JOHNSON'S BOARDERS

There was a man, he had a farm
 A little house, woodshed and barn,
 And so he thought 'twould do no harm
 To take in Johnson's boarders.

He showed them out into the hay,
 Where night and morning they might lay,
 And since that time he's cursed the day,
 He took in Johnson's boarders.

The boarders they were full of fun,
 And almost always full of rum,
 He wished one day he had a gun
 To murder Johnson's boarders.

They ——— the dog, they cut the cat,
 The fed the cow his old straw hat,
 They turpentine'd his ——— so fat,
 Those funny Johnson boarders.

The hired girl had hair so red,
 The old man looked at her and said,
 He'd put some cow-itch in her bed,
 If she slept with Johnson's boarders.

- - - - [Six verses omitted here. Too tough for me.] - - - -

At last one day the woods were down,
 They all got paid and went to town,
 And the old man got as drunk as a clown
 Along with Johnson's boarders.

"Sung by 'Greeley' a lumberjack. In 1895. Said he
 learned in Maine, about ten years before."

I ast her for a little piece
Of what she's setting on
That's what made my Mandy mad
She says "I don't understand
And it makes me feel so sad
I thought you was a gennaman
But I think you better be gone
Cause they ain't no gennaman
Gonna ast no lady
For a piece o' what she's settin' on.

Frank A. Partridge

THE SAILOR BOY

A sailor lad to shore was sent
 A bottle of wine to bring
 And when he arrove at the landlords door
 Not a soul could he find therin
 He rapped he tapped he called aloud
 But no a voice replied
 Until he heard something go rap tap tap
 At the window over his head.

So Jack he raised his eyes aloft
 To see what he could see
 And he caught the smile on a fair youn[g] face
 And a wink from a bright blue eye (eee)
 She rapped she tapped she beconed to Jack
 And he could not refuse
 For when he though of her rap tap tap
 He could not well refuse.

So Jack he gayly tripped aloft
 With pants and waistcoat blue
 Tarpaulih hat and hair in curls
 And a buckle all on his shoe.

 (If I ever knew I have entirely forgotten the last half of
 this verse and the first of the next.)

 When Jack he rose up of her
 He swore that she was no whore
 For he knew by the blood on his rat tat tat
 That she never had done so before.

Oh Mother, dearest Mother,
I think you are to blame
For at the age of sixteen
You used to do the same
You left your relations,
Your friends and your all,
To follow off my Father
With his long Fol de Roll.

"Scotch, before 1880, Canada"

M. D. Little

Oh, the she cat sat on the barb-wire fence
And the tom cat sat on the ground
Old tom made a pass at the she cat's ass
And they went round and round.

Frank A. Partridge

LULU

Bang away, my Lulu,
Oh! bang away good and strong,
What are you goin' to do for you ban[g]ing away
When your Lulu's dead and gone?

"a song that the older boys of the 2nd Division sang when on the march or in the dugouts in Belleu Wood during the spare moments that brought us all back to thoughts of home. The chorus I can give you as is. The verses were very vulgar and no doubt are only made up on the moment."

Bill Nice

Farewell to winter, farewell to frost,
Maybe you think I am sighing for the girl I have lost.
But I have another far better than she
Just wait till I get married and sail across the sea.

You can't get a cherry without any stone
You can't get a chicken without any bone
You can't get a ring without any rim
You can't get a baby unless you stick it in.

"It was sung by boys (maybe girls) when I was a kid in
Jersey, have never heard it elsewhere."

The very first night that I lay down beside her,
Her bones were as sharp as the edge of a saw.
Her flesh was as cold as the snows on the mountain,
And not a whole tooth in her old under jaw.
Now I have me old damsel dressed out in the fas[h]ion
With a set of fals[e] teeth and a pair of glass eyes.
I'll dress her in silks, and I'll dress her in satin,
At the fair of Tralee it's she'll take the prize.

C. W. Loutzenhiser

BILLY GREEN

'Twas a fair young man, his name was Billy Grey,
Was the first one enticed me to roam,
He took me by the hand, and he led me far astray,
But he's left me in the wide world to mourn.

He took me by the lily white hand,
Led me to the garden green,
And what we did there, I never will declare
But on the green grass, it plainly could be seen.

Nine months went, and nine months came
And this young man came riding by
Said I, Young man here is a child for you,
And the very same you cannot well deny.

But he's gone, gone away, the Lord knows where;
Perhaps he will never more return,
Perhaps his fair body lies buried in the sea,
But he's left me in the wide world to mourn.

THREE WHORES FROM CANADA

Three whores came down from Canada
 And they were drinking wine
 All their conversation was
 Your cunts no bigger than mine.

Up stood the first one
 Said mines as big as the sea.
 The ships sail in and the ships sail out
 The rigging it hangs free.

Then up stood the second one
 Said mines as big as air
 The suns goes sailing round and round
 And never scrachin a hair.

Up stood the third one
 Said mines as big as the moon
 A man when up last Agust
 And he never came back until June.

So jiggle my tits and boobies
 Play with my hole below
 Go to hell you son of bitch
 For I am a whore from Buffalo.

"Heard in a number of palaces, mostley sailors, the only variations being the wine in the second line. Have heard it sung cherry wine. Also the place in the last line. Have heard any number of palaces, Buffalo, Cairo, anything that rhymes with below."

"The first I heard it was in Cape Town, So. Africa, again in Port Said sang by a woman." [Note from letter 2739.]

LULU

My Lulu had a baby
His name was Sunny Jim
She put him in a bath tub (?)
To see if he could swim.

I wish I was a diamond ring
Upon my Lula's hand
'Cause every time she -----
I'd see the promised land.

O bang away my Lulu
Bang away good and strong.
What you going to do for your banging away
When your Lulu's dead and gone?

"The one prevailing in the Second Division at 'Chateau
Thierry' was Lulu."

Bill Nice

Good by gun, good by step
Good by army with your ——— pep
All I want is a clean discharge
And you can all go straight to hell, by george
Join the army, some shit!

Frank A. Partridge

You're in the army now, you're not behind the plow
You son of a --- you'll never get rich,
You're in the army now.

"the words to the bugle calls---march flourish"

Frank A. Partridge

All you soldiers in the grass,
With your fingers in your ass,
Take 'em out, take 'em out, take 'em out, take 'em out.

"Assembly"

Frank A. Partridge

Farewell to Winter,
Farewell to frost,
Maybe you think I am sighing
For the girl I have lost.
But I have another
Far better than she
Just wait till I get married
And sail across the sea.

Oh you can get a chicken (sic)
Without any bone
You can't get a cherry
Without any stone
Can't get a ring
Without any rim
Can't get a baby
Unless you stick it in.

"a song that I sang when a boy in Jersey, have never
heard it elsewhere."

Earl J. Teets

MADAMOISELLE

Mademoiselle from Armentiers
Parley-vous.
Hadn't been jazzed for fifty years
Parley-vous.
Then she met the engineers
And made up for all arrears
Hinkey-dinkey-parley-vous.

Up the stairs and into bed
Parley-vous
She swore I broke her maiden head
Parley-vous
Up the stairs and into bed
She swore I broke her maiden head
Hinkey-dinkey-parley-vous.

Mademoiselle had a taking way
Parley-vous
Mademoiselle had a taking way
Parley-vous
Mademoiselle had a taking way
She stole my shirt and stole my pay
Hinkey-dinkey-parley-vous.

The general slept with Mademoiselle
Parley-vous
The general slept with Mademoiselle
Parley-vous
The general slept with Mademoiselle
And now he's giving the doctor hell
Hinkey-dinkey-parley-vous.

Mademoiselle she met an M P
Parley-vous
Mademoiselle she met an M P
Parley-vous
Mademoiselle she met an M P
And she caught the clap and give it to me
Hinkey-dinkey-parley-vous.

Oh, she got knocked up by the son of a gun
Parley-vous
She got knocked up by the son of a gun
Parley-vous
She got knocked up by the son of a bitch
And her dose of clap would run and itch
Hinkey-dinkey-parley-vous.

MADAMOISELLE (2)

The first three months you could not tell
 Parley-vous
 The second three months she started to swell
 Parley-vous
 The third three months with a couple o' squawks
 A little M P popped out of her box
 Hinkey-dinkey-parley-vous.

Now she's got a little M P
 Parley-vous
 Now she's got a little M P
 Parley-vous
 Now she's got a little M P
 Keeping the clap in the family
 Hinkey-dinkey-parley-vous.

The little M P he grew and grew
 Parley-vous
 The little M P he grew and grew
 Parley-vous
 The little M P he grew and grew
 And now he's stooling on me and you
 Hinkey-dinkey-parley-vous.

The Y M C A went over to France
 Parley-vous
 The Y M C A went over to France
 Parley-vous
 The Y M C A behind the lines
 Was gypping the soldiers nickles and dimes
 Hinkey-dinkey-parley-vous.

The Y M C A on its ass did set
 Parley-vous
 While I was out in the cold and wet
 Parley-vous
 When I came in from the cold and wet
 They soaked me a franc for a cigarette
 Hinkey-dinkey-parley-vous.

The Y M C A they saved my soul
 Parley-vous
 The Y M C A they saved my soul
 Parley-vous
 The Y M C A they saved my soul
 Yes they did, in a pigs ass hole
 Hinkey-dinkey-parley-vous.

LULU

My Lulu was a lady
She came from a country town
She tried to keep her reputation up
But she couldn't keep her shirttail down.

My Lulu kept a boarding house
Across the railroad track
And all the meals the boarders got
Was Lulu on her back.

I went to call on Lulu
But Lulu wasn't in
I found her down in the railroad yards
Jacking off with a coupling pin.

My Lulu she went fishing
She caught a string of bass
She hung them over her shoulder
And they still stink in her ass.

I wish I was a piss pot
Beneath my Lulu's bed
And every time she took a crap
I'd see her maiden head.

I wish I was a diamond ring
Upon my Lulu's hand
And every time she scratched her ass
I'd see the promised land.

I wish I was a diamond pin
Upon my Lulu's breast
I'd get between my Lulu's teats
And sink right down to rest.

The rich girl's pants are made of lace
The poor girl's are chambray
My Lulu wears no pants at all
She claims they're in the way.

The rich girl's watch is made of gold
The poor girl's is of brass
My Lulu needs no watch at all
There's movement in her ass.

The rich girl uses vaseline
The poor girl uses lard
My Lulu uses neither but
She gets there just as hard.

LULU (2)

I took her to the circus
The circus for to see
But she got stuck on the elephant's cock
And had no use for me.

My Lulu joined the army
One sunny summer's day
And when the doctor looked at us
There sure was hell to pay.

They put her in the guardhouse
And fined her a month's pay
But Lulu didn't give a damn
She made more every day.

They marched her up and down the road
Till both her feet were sore
It was no way to treat a girl
Altho she was a whore.

My Lulu was arrested
Ten dollars was her fine
And turning to the judge she said
Take it outta this ass of mine.

They put my Lulu into jail
And a sad thing came to hap
The sheriff and the warden both
Came down with a dose of clap

My Lulu she went teaching
She taught in a Sunday school
She showed the scholars lots of things
Beside the golden rule.

My Lulu was a farmhand
She went out pitching hay
She shoved the pitchfork up her ass
And it went in all the way

She took the farmer's horse and team
To drive to the country store
But she eloped with the old stud horse
And wont come back no more.

LULU (3)

"There are two choruses to this."

Bang away at Lulu
Bang her good and strong.
What ya gonna do
For a midnight screw
When Lulu's dead and gone.

My God, she was a Lulu
Every inch a Lulu
Lulu, that little old girl of mine.

Frank A. Partridge

THE TENNESSEE SERVANT GIRL

When I was a servant girl, down in Tennessee
Along came a sailor, a sailor from the sea
I, like a foolish girl, thinking it no harm
Jumped into bed that night to keep the sailor warm.

Early the next morning, the sailor he awoke
And reaching in his pocketbook, he handed me a note
Take this, my gentle maiden for the damage I have done
In nine months time, just drop a line, a girlie or a son.

And if it be a little girl, just bounce her on your knee
And if it be a little boy, just send him out to sea
With belly button jacket, and trowsers navy blue
So he can charm the ladies as his daddy used to do.

Now all you gentle maidens, just take a tip from me
And never let a sailor boy an inch above your knee
They'll hug you, they'll kiss you, they'll swear there's none like you
Until they've copped your cherry, then they'll say to hell with you.

Frank A. Partridge

IN THE BACK ROOM

When you're tired of pitch and casino
There's one little game we can play
You will find it the bliss of all blisses
If you'll step in I'll show you the way.

There's hugging and loving and kissing
The best things of life, you'll agree.
I will show you the gateway of heaven
If you'll step in the backroom with me.

Nine days have passed over, my darling,
And oh, how I wish I were dead
For my peter is full of the essence of hell
And there's shankers all ringed round his head.

Good bye, all you women, forever
Farewell every chippy and whore
When I think of the pains that I suffer
Then I wish I had said that before.

When I next feel desire's temptation
And my balls with a custard are full
With industrious hand and quick motion
I will step in the back room and pull.

MISS KITTY O'HOREY

Come boys and girls and sit around and listen to my story
 It's all about a plan I took to beat Miss Kittie O'Horey.
 Tiddie oddie ing I O, tiddie oddie ing I O.

I went unto her sister's house just like some clever fellow.
 I told her that the plums and grapes were getting ripe and mellow.

I told her that my sister Nat was down in younder bower
 She wanted her to come along and spend a half an hour.

As we walked along the road, we walked along together
 I told her that my sister Nat knew nothing of this matter.

[I fear, sir,
 She seemed quite pleased, my hand she squeezed, saying one thing that
 My Pa's below a cutting hay I'm afraid he'll catch us here, sir,

If you will but climb up younder tree till he should come this way, sir,
 We will pick our plums and have our fun, O, how we will sport and play, sir.

I climbed the tree, she pouted me, not being the least offended.
 Kittie she stood and looked at me to see how high I ascended.

Your ugly looks I do dispise you look like one big owl, sir,
 You fuck your plums and snap the stones you may have your own fun, sir.

And if ever you treat another poor girl as you treated me, sir,
 I hope you'll give her a chance to run by climbing up another tree, sir.

Then Kittie she treated [headed ?] her oer the plain a[s] tho she was
 I cussed, I swore my close I tore to see how Kittie had acted. [distracted

My thoughts I kept within myself her deads I recomended.
 I took and mad[e] a wife of her so now my troubles are ended.

And now I've climed the prettiest tree, that ever bore peach or pear, sir,
 I have split the lims and I've grafted in to see what fruit it would bear,
 [sir.

Now I have sung enough of this poor stuf so now I will cease my syning
 But every time Kittie winks at me, good Lord I feel like climbing.

March 23, 1928

GYPSY DAVIE

Oh, I'll ship you off to China
And I'll trade you off for tea,
For I will not leave you here
A making babies for me.

Oh, a ring dang ding dang
Doodle oddle ay,
Oh, a ring dang ding dang
Davie.

"Many years ago I knew a man who sang 'Gypsy Davie'. He was much older than I and has long since crossed the divide. I have forgotten the song, but it was a different plot from you 'Black Jack Davie'. They Gypsie Davie was engaged in the Chinese tea trade and was obliged to be away from home a great deal. One night he came home unexpectedly, quietly let himself into the house and proceeded to his wife's bedroom. As he opened the door he saw the lid to a large cedar chest quietly closing down. He immediately sized up the situation, sat down on the chest and proceeded to lock it. While he was doing so he was also singing-----."

S. C. Wheeler

Every ship has a cabin
Every cabin has doors
Every sailor likes a nice girl
With nice pretty drawers.

Lower away your main t'gallant sail
Lower away your main t'gallant sail
You son of a whore.

"Every verse takes another part of the ship and a catholic taste in adjectives.--A fragment collected by a friend of mine in the dockyard end of London. The tune of the shanty was a variant of the German student song, 'Gradaus den Wirtzhaus'."

E. Anderson

June, 1929

JOHNSON'S BOARDERS

One Monday night I got my chance,
I run my hand up in her pants,
"You're welcome to do that," says Blanche,
"For you're one of Johnson's boarders."

I laid her down upon the floor,
And fucked her fifteen times or more,
And Blanche would sure have been a whore
If she'd stayed with Johnson's boarders.

When Martin seen what I had done
He grabbed the old man, just for fun,
And corn-holed that old son-of-a-gun;
He was one of Johnson's boarders.

And then along come Harry Hunt,
He grabbed poor Blanche right by the cunt,
And fucked her both in back and front,
Like one of Johnson's boarders.

Oh the ladies wear no teddies in Manila,
Oh the ladies wear no teddies in Manila,
Oh the ladies wear no teddies,
And they call them everreadies,
Oh the ladies wear no teddies in Manila.

Anonymous

SEE
Mae McCLINTOCK

I walked down the street like a nice girl should,
A keen man followed like I thought he would,
 This keen man whoever he may be,
 Listen while I tell you what he did to me.

I went in the house like a nice girl should,
The keen man followed like I thought he would,
 This keen man, etc.

I turned on the lights like a nice girl should,
He turned them off like I thought he would,
 This keen man, etc.

I got into bed like a nice girl should,
The keen man followed like I thought he would,
 This keen man, etc.

I waited nine months like a nice girl should,
He left town like I thought he would,
 This keen man whoever he may be,
 It's none of your damn business what he did to me.

June 20, 1930

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

Frankie and Johnny were lovers,
O Lordy how they could love,
They swore to be true to each other
Just as true as the stars above.
 He was her man,
 But he done her wrong.

Frankie and Johnny went walking,
Johnny had a brand new suite (!)
Frankie paid a hundred dollars,
Just to make her man look cute.

Johnny said I've got to leave you,
But I won't be very long,
Don't you wait up for me honey,
Nor worry while I'm gone.

Frankie went down to the corner,
Stopped in to buy her some beer,
Says to the fat bartender,
Has my Johnny man been here?

Well I ain't going to tell you no story,
Ain't going to tell you no lie,
Johnny went by 'bout an hour ago
With a girl named Nelly Blye.
 He's your man,
 But he's doing you wrong.

Frankie went home in a hurry,
She didn't go there for fun,
She hurried home to get a hold
Of Johnny's shootin' gun.

Frankie took a cab at the corner,
Says, Driver, step on this can.
She was a desperate woman
Gettin' two-timed by her man.

Frankie got out at South Clark Street
Looked up in a window so high,
Saw her Johnny man a lovin' up
That high brown Nelly Blye.

Johnny saw Frankie comin'
Out the back door he did scoot,
Frankie took aim with her great big gat,
And the gat went Root-a-toot-toot.

June 20, 1930

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY (2)

Oh roll me over so easy,
Roll me over so slow,
Roll me over easy boys,
Cause my wounds they hurt me so,
 I was her man,
 But I done her wrong.

Bring out your long black coffin,
Bring out your long black clothes,
Johnny's gone and cashed his checks,
To the graveyard Johnny goes.

Drive out your rubber tired carriage,
Drive out your rubber tired hack,
Twelve men goin' to the graveyard,
But only eleven comin' back.

The sheriff arrested poor Frankie,
Took her to jail that same day.
He locked her up in a dungeon cell
And threw the keys away.
 She shot her man,
 For he done her wrong.

"Evidently this version has a Chicago atmosphere and setting."

August 25, 1930

THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL

Looking for a job, and I went broke flat.
Got a job riding on the Double O flat.

Signs pinned up on the bunk-house door,
"Punchers allowed at a quarter after four."

"Round up and saddle up some old pitching hoss,
If you can't ride him, you're fired by the boss."

As I come a-riding 'cross the OO range,
I was thinking of my sweetheart that I left on the ranch.

I rode on with the old man's daughter,
Guess I said a few words what I hadn't oughter.

I told her that I'd love her like I loved my life,
I asked her how she'd like to a cowpuncher's wife.

Said she'd like it fine, but I better see her dad,
For he got the dough, and it might make him mad.

I went to the old man, as all lovers oughter,
I says, "Old Man, I'm in love with your daughter."

He grins and he points to the Double O roan,
That's piled every puncher that ever rode alone.

Says, "If you can ride that hoss, and not pull leather,
You and my daughter can throw you things together."

Went to the hoss, and slammed on my saddle,
Best damn rider that ever punched cattle.

All the punchers yelled, as all punchers oughter,
For they knew I was riding for the Old Man's daughter.

Jumped in the saddle and gave a little yell,
What's going to happen is damned hard to tell.

Spurred him on the shoulder, and hit him with my quirt,
Gave four jumps, and rolled me in the dirt.

Went to the Old Man to have a little chat,
Hit him in the face with my old felt hat.

Went to the girl, and offered her a quarter,
Says she, "Go to Hell! I'm a cow-puncher's daughter!"

August 25, 1930

THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL (2)

Offered her a dollar, and she took it in her hand,
Punched me in the belly, says, "Well, I'll be damned!"

Threw my arms around her and laid her on the grass,
To show her the wiggle of a cow-puncher's ----.

The hair on her belly was a strawberry brown,
The crabs on her m----- were jumping up and down.

Took my old jockey to the watering trough,
Washed him and I scrubbed him till his head fell off.

In about nine days, when I looked for to see,
Chancres on my p----- were big as a pea.

She found it out, and called me a kid,
Told me to remember her, and by God, I did!

Wrote her a letter, don't think I lied,
Said, I'm leaving Texas, fast as I can ride.

Know a little Injun, damn' pretty squaw,
Guess I'll go and see her, for I leave for Arkansas.

Going to leave Texas, going to head for home,
All on account of the Double-0 roan,

Sheep man a-stealing of the Double-0 grass,
Boss says, "Shoot him, but not in the ----."

So we pulled out our guns and we got him on the fly,
Crawled in the weeds, and I guess he's going to die.

Chased a bunch of hosses thru the G— d----- sheep,
The scatterment they made, made the sheep men weep.

Camped over night at the A bar B's,
Got so damn' cold, I thought I would freeze.

Raining hard and muddy as Hell,
Trailing thru the gumbo sure is Hell!

Hit Belle Fourche, and went on a spree,
Sheriff come a running, and he picked on me.

Locked me up in his lousy old jail.
Boss said he'd be damned if he went my bail.

August 25, 1930

THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL (3)

Just because I worked for him wa'n't no sign
That a cow-poke's boss had got to pay his fine.

Met a girl and thought I'd seen her before,
Tried her, and I found she was a G— d----- whore.

Went to make a date as a cowpuncher oughter,
Found out the girl was that damn' sheriff's daughter.

Sheriff on my trail, left town on the run,
If he catches up, have to use my gun.

Left Belle Fourche, and left her on the lope,
To keep my neck from wearing out a scratchy old rope.

Going to leave Montana, and marry my squaw,
Going to settle down in Arkansas.

" Additional verses from Slim Guyer, Montana."

—1931

Oh the caribous have no hair in Merivales
Oh the caribous have no hair in Merivales
Oh the caribous have no hair
That's the reason they are bare,
Oh the caribous have no hair in Merivales.

Oh the kiddies wear no pants in Mindenao
Oh the kiddies wear no pants in Mindenao
Oh the kiddies wear no pants
They were eaten off by ants,
Oh the kiddies wear no pants in Mindenao.

Oh the ladies wear no teddies, in Manila
Oh the ladies wear no teddies in Manila
Oh the ladies wear no teddies,
To they call them Ever-readies
Oh the ladies wear no teddies in Manila.

Oh the monkies have no tails in old Luzon
Oh the monkies have no tails in old Luzon
Oh the monkies have no tails
They were bitten off by whales
Oh the monkies have no tails in old Luzon.

Oh the women get no tail in Zamboanga
Oh the women get no tail in Zamboanga
Oh the women get no tail
For their husbands are in jail
Oh the women get no tail in Zamboanga.

There's a virgin in Cebu-so they say
There's a virgin in Cebu-so they say
There's a virgin in Cubu
And today she is just two,
There's a virgin in Cebu-so they say.

—1931

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

Frankie and Johnny were lovers,
So everybody knew;
She was his lovin' sweetheart —
My God, how that gal could screw.
 He was her man,
 And she treated him square.

Johnny chased the other women,
Took to chasin' Alice Fry,
While Frankie sat and waited,
Not thinkin' her Johnny'd lie,
 For he was her man,
 And she thot he was square.

One day in Doc Sheehan's Alley
A friend to Frankie said,
"Your Johnny-boy's a gash-hound
Sportin' on a whore-house bed —
 He is your man,
 But he's doin' you wrong.

Frankie went down to the whore-house,
She rang that whore-house Bell;
"Stand aside, you pimps and whores,
Or I'll blow you all to hell.
 He is my man,
 And he's doin' me wrong."

Frankie looked over the transom,
What a sight met her eye—
There sat her lovin' Johnny-boy
Finger-fuckin' Alice Fry,
 He was her man,
 But he was doin' her wrong.

Frankie yelled loud through the transom,
"Goddam your soul, I'll shoot,"
And she pulled her forty-five —
The Colt went rooty-toot-toot.
 For he was her man,
 And he was doin' her wrong.

She shot him once, she shot him twice,
Hit the middle of his big black ass;
The whores and pimps huddled there,
Waitin' for his soul to pass,
 For he was her man,
 And he was doin' her wrong.

—1931

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY (2)

Johnny got shot in the ass-hole,
 He saw his life-blood flow;
 "Lord-a'mighty, sweetheart gal,
 An ass full of lead hurts so,
 But I was your man,
 And I done you wrong."

"Turn me over easy, Oh Lord!
 Turn me over slow, Oh!
 Lord God-a'mighty, boys,
 It hurts to turn me, Oh!
 I was her man,
 And I done her wrong."

And Johnny said to the pimps and whores
 Who gathered round his side,
 "I double-crossed my lovin' gal,"
 Then wiggled his ass and died,
 He was her man,
 But he done her wrong.

Silver-handled, plush-lined casket,
 A rubber-tired hack,
 Takin' Johnny to the graveyard
 And bringin' nothin' back,
 For he was her man,
 And he done her wrong.

(second stanza)

Frankie took care of her Johnny,
 She gave him a gold watch and chain;
 She staked his crap games in Frisco
 And fed him till luck came again,
 For he was her man,
 And she loved him true.

"heard by the writer on a ranch near Boise, Idaho,
 between 1910-12, sung by floating wobbly ranch
 laborers. "Doc Sheehan's Alley" is the local rendezvous for
 the daughters of joy."

[From Cornell]

December 14, 1931

THE ONE-EYED REILLY

Sittin' by the fireside, drinkin' rum and water
Suddenly a thought come to my mind;
I'll go and shag O'Reilly's daughter,
The nearest girl that I can find.

Tiddle-aye, aye. Tiddle-aye, aye.
Tiddle-aye, aye, for the one-eyed Reilly,
Boom, boom, boom,
Balls and all,
Jig-a-jig-a-jig. Tres boom!

Went upstairs an' got in bed,
First I threw my left leg over;
What d'ye think the lady said?
She laughed like hell 'til the fun was over.

Comes a knockin' at the door,
Who should it be but the girl's ol' man,
Pair of pistols at his side,
An' a big stick in his han'.

Took the big stick from his hand,
Shoved his head in a pail of water;
Stuck the pistols up his ass
A dam' sight further than I shagged his daughter.

"Originally heard sung by an Irish stoker on a Squarehead freighter off Belize, about 1920. Since then in various places about the States. This version from the "Slime Sheet", Paris, 1930."

January 26, 1932

THE OLD FOOL

Last night when I came home, Love, and hung my hat on the tree,
I found another man's hat, Love, where my hat ought to be.

Why, you old fool, you blind fool, say, can't you see,
It's nothing but a flower pot my mother sent to me.

Oh, it's many a mile I've traveled, a thousand miles or more,
But never saw a flower pot look like a hat before.

- - - -coat- - - -

- - - -blanket- - - -

But I never saw a blanket with buttons on before.

- - - -gun- - - -

- - - -beanpole- - - -

But I never saw a beanpole have a trigger before.

- - - -boots- - - -

- - - -bootjack- - - -

But I never saw a bootjack with spurs on before.

Last night when I came home, Love, to the barn the horse and me,
And there in the stable, a strange horse I did see.

Why, - - - -

It's nothing but a milking cow, my grandma sent to me.

Oh it's - - - -

But I never saw a cow with a saddle on before.

Last night- - - -

I looked into the bedroom and a strange face I did see.

- - - -baby- - - -

I never saw a baby with whiskers on before.

Last night- - - -

I saw a pair of feet, love, in bed where mine should be.

- - - -warming pan- - - -

I never saw a warming pan with toes on before.

Last night- - - -

I saw another ass, love, in bed where mine should be.

- - - -pumpkin shell- - - -

I never saw a pumpkin shell with an asshole before.

Last night- - - -

I saw a pair of bollocks, love, where my bollocks ought to be.

- - - -some lemons- - - -

I never saw two lemons with hair on them before.

January 26, 1932

THE OLD FOOL (2)

Last night- - - -

I saw another man's cock, my love, in the hole where mine should be.

Why- - - -

It's nothing but a candle which in play I stuck in me.

Oh it's- - - -

But I never saw a candle with a red head on before.

The song continues almost interminably telling the story of how the poor blind husband, supposedly unaware, but with malice aforethought, proceeded to 'shag' the alleged pumpkin shell, much to the distress and pain of the adultreous wretch who was cuckolding the husband. Having thoroughly cowed the intruder by judicious sodomies, the husband threw wife and her Don Juan out. Song ends with this verse,

Oh, it's many a mile we've traveled, a thousand miles or more,
But never heard such goings on, in all our lives before.

My history of the above is interesting. It is undoubtedly an old ballad or English folksong which has been burlesqued and perverted. 'Bollocks' is at least 600 years old, for Skelton used it (cerca 1360-75).

I learned the song from a Nova Scotian farmhand about 1898-99. He was a man of about 40 or 45, and told me he learned the song from an English sailor who was sort of village oracle, being very old and who delighted in singing ribald songs when drunk. The sailor told my mentor he learned the song as a youngster in England, where he had been born and raised in or near London. This would put the song back to the middle 17 hundreds...."

Jean Bordeaux

May 26, 1932

There was a rich merchant who sat on a rock
Amusing some women by shaking his ---

Stick at some ladies in front of a store.
Along came a lady who looked like a ---

Perfect young lady. She sat on the grass
And when she sat down I could see all her ---

Ruffles and flounces and each little tuck.
She said she was learning a new way to ---

Bring up her daughters to sew and to knit.
The boys in the stable were shoveling ---

The stuff in the stable all over the sod
And if you don't think so, just smell it, by God!

Anonymous

A shady nook, a babbling brook,
A girl dressed all in yellow--

O, what a lucky fellow!

Five days had passed. He gave a sigh,
A sigh of pain and sorrow--

Two pimples pink are on his dink,
And there'll be more to-morrow.

Nine months has passed. She gave a sigh,
A sigh of pain and sorrow--

Two little muts are in her guts,
And they'll be out to-morrow.

Wherever you be, let the wind go free
For holding in was the killing of me.

"On a tombstone"

Anonymous

October 7, 1917

Oh the bards they sing of an English king so many years ago,
 Who ruled the land with an iron hand but his mind was weak and low.
 And well he loved to hunt the stag within the royal wood
 But better still he loved the pleasure of pulling his royal pud.
 Chi-rist, how he loved to pull his pud, pull his pud!

Oh his only nether garment was a woolen undershirt
 With which he tried to hide the hide, but he couldn't hide the dirt.
 He was wild and wooly and full of fleas.
 And his terrible tool hung down to his knees.
 All hail to this bastard king of En--gland.

Oh the queen of Spain was a sprightly dame, a sprightly dame was she,
 And she loved to fool with his majesty's tool, so far across the sea,
 So she sent him a message by a special messenger,
 To come and spend a month or so with her!
 X-rist, what a scandal it would sitr, it would stir!

Now the king of France when he heard of this, he swore onto his court,
 She must prefer me rival, because me horn is short!
 So he sent the Duke of Sippensap to give the queen a dose of clap
 Which wouldn't do a thing to dear old En--gland
 Which wouldn't help old England any at all, at all, at all!

Now when the news of this fell deed had reached old England's walls,
 The king he swore by the shirt he wore, he'd have the Frenchman's balls.
 He offered half his kingdom and the hand of Queen Hortense
 To any loyal Briton who would nut the king of France.
 To him who would the king of France, the king of France.

The royal duke of Suffolk betook himself to France,
 Oh, he swore he was a fruiter and the king took down his pants,
 He tied a thong to the royal dong,
 And mounted his horse and galloped along,
 And dragged him before the bastard king of England.

The king threw up his breakfast and he fainted on the floor,
 For in the ride the Frenchman's tool has stretched a rod or more
 And all the ladies of England came down to London town,
 And they gather round the castle walls, "To hell with the English crown!"

The king of France usurped the throne,
 His sceptre was his royal bone,
 With which he downed the bastard king of England.

"I received it at the beginning of the summer from a friend who
 went to France. It was collected at Princeton."

Grantley W. Taylor.

April 13, 1918

Oh here is to the Sergeant and the Corporal of the Guard
And here is to the Officers who make us work so hard
They make us do squads right and left front into line
And the God dam sons of bitches they make us double time.

Oh it's home, boys, home; it's home we ought to be
It's home, boys, home, in the land of liberty.
We'll nail old glory to the top of the pole
And we'll all reenlist in a pig's asshole.

"It was evolved during what we used to call the
'Mexican campaign'."

Emmett Dunn

April 13, 1918

EVELINA

Down in Cat's Alley, where sailor-men go
The rats and the mice they are thick as the snow
There lived Evelina, a dear friend of mine
Whose asshole was hairy and covered with slime
When she got started, she puked and she farted
She squirted green maggots all over the carpet
Now Evelina lies dead in her tomb
And the rats and the mice they played hell with her womb.

Oh Evelina keep your asshole cleaner
And my love for you will never, never die.

"the peculiar property of a Washington, D.C., boy at
Fort Myer."

Emmett Dunn

June, 1925

THE BALLAD OF CHAMBERS STREET

Now in the East the gleaming wheel
Oh Phoebus' car is turning
Up in a suite on Chambers street
The gas is dimly burning
And from that floor there comes a roar
That startles every neighbor.
"Oi, oi," it says, "Gewalt, gewalt,"
Big Rosy is in labor."

For twenty years this flame of love
Had kept herself quite busy
Dispensing screws to luctful Jews--
To Abe and Ike and Izzy.
The Male West End called her their friend--
With scalped and eager penis
They climbed aboard and oft explored
This much frequented Venus.

But as the pitcher at the well
Was fractured in the fable
After the horse was pinched, of course,
They fastened up the stable.
For Tansy Teas and soft bougies
And local applications
Had ne'er returned what she most yearned--
That absent menstruation.

For high above the pelvic brim
Placed in a soft depression,
Beyond the wound of probe or sound
Reposed her indiscretion.
The rascal grew and wiggled till
The word was passed around,
Some sprightly knight had caught by night
Rose with her britches down.

Oh, bards may sing of Dido's plight
Deserted on the shore -
Aenaeas gay, off down the bay
Had stolen her Angora.
Our heroine did not repose,
Although she often wondered
She could not think what festive dink
Had scored an even hundred.

June, 1925

THE BALLAD OF CHAMBERS STREET (2)

Now full ten times the pallid moon
Had risen in the heavens,
And did disclose to pregnant Rose
Herself at sixes and sevens.
A rough uproar starts in her breast
And centers in her belly.
She sweats and quakes and water makes,
And shakes like quava jelly.

To rescue damsels was the wont
Of valiant knights of old,
So Jo-Jo Pratt put on his hat
And came when he was told.
On O.P.D. in nineteen three
With potions soporific
He'd make her nap, he'd cure her clap
Or treat her for "specific".

But e'er he left his residence
He scoured the leaves of Cooper
To make him sure nought but manure
Came down a lady's pooper.
For Hunter (John) has nothing on
This suave, urbane physician,
The type and print of Austin Flint,
(A damned poor obstetritian).

"Great William Osler!" Through his brain
There came a beam of light!
"She must be seen by Charlie Green."
He jumped up in delight.
"By Charlie Green she must be seen,"
To banish her despair.
With his little round hat and his walking stick,
And his beard of pubic hair.

High in a room on Chambers Street
E'er yet the waters broke
From pregnant Rose they took the clothes
And ne'er a word they spoke.
They laid her head across the bed-
Her legs they had to bend 'em.
With sterile hands they made demands
To open her pudendum.

June, 1925

THE BALLAD OF CHAMBERS STREET (3)

"Introitus admitts my fist,
Without the slightest urgin'—
There, I ween," said Doctor Green,
"That Rose is not a virgin.
And I would dare almost declare
That she has had coition,
Which in the main would best explain
Her present sad condition."

Now all through that summer's day,
They grappled for a foetus.
With hooks and bands and tugs and hands,
Said Joe, "This sure does beat us.
Now would the Gods, with traction rods,
Though risking many stitches,
Call into view this God-damned Jew,
This prince of sons of bitches."

Then as the shades of evening fell,
And night came on at last,
They did conspire to prune and fire,
To countermine and blast.
High in the sluice they laid their fuse,
With no one to detect them.
They bought a pound of dynamite
And stuffed it up her rectum.

Proud Aetna in her gala days,
Upon the foreign shores,
Did not erupt much more abrupt
Than did this Jewish whore.
She then defiled with mangled child
The waters of the bay.
The balls they struck in Cambridgeport,
And landed there to stay.

His balls they struck in Cambridgeport,
'Twas there they came to earth.
At Boston Light, all right, all right,
They got the after-birth.
The State House dome of dirty chrome
Was stained with foetal feces.
They said "God damn" in Framingham
As they picked up the pieces.

June, 1925

THE BALLAD OF CHAMBERS STREET

From many a little village spire,
As waned the peaceful day
The curfews toll the passing knell
Remarked upon by Gray.
The lowly kine, in tardy line
Pass slowly o'er the lea.
The jumping horse is cropping gorse,
(Whatever that may be)

'Tis silent now in Chambers Street,
The crowds have homeward turned.
With reverened heads they bore the dead
Out of the house that burned.
And Doctor Green has not been seen,
And as for Doctor Pratt—
I do not know, nor give a damn,
Where he is really at.

"Harvard Medical School"

Anonymous

My name is Tannhauser,
My cock is a rouser,
My balls each weigh ninety-five pound;
My wife is Johanna,
I screw her, God damn her,
And nail her old arse to the ground.

"Variant of above with name, Jim Bowser."

Anonymous

Oh, I am a bachelor and I live with my son,
And we work at the weaver's trade,
And every time that I look into his eyes,
I think me of a pretty, pretty maid.

I wooed her in the summer-time,
And in the winter too,
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
Was to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

'Twas on a dark and stormy night and the grass was wet,
And nothing could be dry,
A pretty, pretty maid came to my bedside
And started in to cry.

She wept, she wailed, she tore her hair,
My God! What could I do?
So I wrapped her in my arms the whole night long,
Just to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew!

Oh the bards they sing of an English king so many years ago,
 Who ruled the land with an iron hand but his mind was weak and low.
 And well he loved to hunt the stag within the royal wood,
 But better still he loved the pleasure of pulling his royal pud.

Chr-ist, how he loved to pull his pud, pull his pud.

Oh his only nether garment was a woolen undershirt
 With which he tried to hide the hide, but he couldn't hide the shirt
 He was wild and wooly and full of fleas,
 And his terrible tool hung down to his knees.

All hail to this bastard king of England.

Oh the Queen of Spain was a sprightly dame, a sprightly dame was she,
 And she loved to fool with his majesty's tool so far across the sea
 So she sent him a message by a special messenger
 To come and spend a month or so with her.

X-ist, what a scandal it would stir, it would stir,

Now the King of France when he heard of this, he swore unto his court,
 She must prefer me rival because me tool is short,
 So he sent to the Duke of Sippesap
 To give the queen a dose of clap,

Which wouldn't do a thing to dear old En-gland.

Which wouldn't help old England any at all, at all, at all.

Now when the news of this fell deed had reached old England's walls,
 The king he swore by the shirt he wore he'd have that Frenchman's balls,
 He offered half his kingdom and the hand of Queen Hortense
 To any loyal Briton who would cut the King of France.

To him who would castrate the king of France, King of France.

The royal Duke of Suffolk betook himself to France,
 Oh, he swore he was a fruiter and the King took down his pants.
 He tied a thong to the royal dong,
 And mounted his horse, and galloped along,

And dragged him before the bastard king of England.

The King threw up his breakfast and he fainted on the floor,
 For in the ride the Frenchman's tool and stretched a rod or more,
 And all the ladies of England came down to London town
 And they gather round the castle walls, "To Hell with the English crown."

The King of France usurped the throne,
 His sceptre was his royal bone,

With which he downed the bastard king of England.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBO

In fourteen hundred ninety-two
A dago from Italia
Roamed and roamed the streets of Rome
Selling his hot tamales.

Christopher Columbo,
He knew the world was round-o
That urinating, masturbating, son of a bitch Columbo.

He said to the king, to the king said he,
Just give me ships and cargo
In fourteen days you son of a bitch
I'll bring you back Chicago.

The Queen she hocked her family jewels
To get Columbus started
And on the decks she wept with tears
But Columbus only farted.

Columbus piped, "All hands on deck."
And tied them to the mast pole
Then he took down all their pants
And fucked them in the ass hole.

The cabin maid ran down the deck
The villain he pursued her
The white of an egg ran down her leg
Columbo he had screwed her.

In fourteen days they sighted land
It was the isle of Cuba
A big fat whore ran down to shore
With legs just like a tuba.

Columbus he jumped overboard
The crew they stripped and followed
In forty-five minutes by the clock
She'd made ten thousand dollars.

Columbus he came back on deck
His tool was sore and fiery
He wiped it off on the tablecloth
And logged it in his diary.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBO (2)

In Spain the doctors they were few
The syph doctors not many
The only one Columbus knew
Was a God damn Jew named Benny.

Columbus went up and that Jew
His face was calm and placid
The God damn fool filled up his tool,
With muriatic acid.

Van Hook

In fourteen hundred ninety two
 There lived Queen Isabella ('Twas then)
 She had to do with a god damned fool
 Said here's your dago feller.

She wanted him to leave the land
 And for a damned good reason
 For he had screwed her husband's wife
 And that you know was treason.

Columbus stood upon the deck
 And gazed out o'er the ocean
 The god damned crew ran down below
 Because they lacked emotion.

Columbus stood upon the deck
 And gazed out through his glass hole
 The second mate crept up behind
 And goosed him in the arsehole.

Columbus stood upon the deck
 And there he took his station
 The god damned crew went down below
 And practised masturbation.

Columbus stood upon the deck
 And gazed out o'er the ocean
 When on the shore he saw a whore (And)
 Which filled him with emotion.

The god damned crew jumped in the boat
 Their cocks were red and - - - - -
 - - - - -
 - - - - -

The sailors jumped into the boat
 And doffed their coats and collars (Undid)
 In fifteen minutes by the clock (Fifty)
 She made six hundred dollars.

Columbus too would have his piece
 His cock was red and fiery
 He rammed it down into the ship
 And wrote it in his diary.

(2)

Of doctors in those good old days
There were not very many
Except one god damned little Jew
Who went by the name of Benny.

Columbo went to Benny
His cock was red and flaccid
The god damned fool filled up his tool
With hot sulphuric acid.

His balls they went around oh
Until they touched the ground oh,
That geographical son of a bitch
That Christopho Columbo.

April 2, 1918

In fourteen hundred ninety two
A dago from I-tal-y
Was walking down the streets of Rome,
A-selling hot tamales.

Christopher Colombo,
He knew the world was round O!
That masturbating, fornicating,
Song of a bitch Colombo!

He went up to the Queen of Spain,
And asked for ships and cargo,
And "I'll be a son of a son of a bitch,
If I don't bring back Chicargo!"

The Queen of Spain, she hocked her clock,
To get Colombo started,
She wept and cried all over the dock,
Colombo merely farted.

Colombo piped all hands on deck,
And tied them to the mast O!
And then he took their panties down
And screwed them in the ass, O!

The cabin girl ran down the deck,
The villain still pursued her,
The white of an egg ran down her leg,
Colombo he had screwed her!

Colombo had a one-eyed mate,
He loved him like a brother,
And every night at seven bells,
They hopped upon each other!

And when at last they spied the shore,
It was the coast of Cuby,
Upon the shore there stood a whore,
By God, she was a beauty!

Colombo, he jumped overboard
The crew shed coats and collars,
In fifteen minutes by the clock,
She made nine hundred dollars.

April 2, 1918

(2)

Back to the ship Colombo went.
His prick was red and fiery,
He wiped it on the table-cloth,
And logged it in his diary!

Of all the doctors in Cadiz,
There weren't so very many,
The only one Colombo knew,
Was a goddamn Jew named Benny.

So to this doc Colombo went,
His face was calm and placid,
But the goddamn fool filled up his tool
With muriatic acid!

LADY LILL

She were the best the camp produced, boys,
And them what she aint goosed aint had no goose, and never will
For the Lords raked in poor Lady Lill.

There were a standing bet in our town
There warnt a Geezer fer miles around
Could screw her to a finish, and ther warnt,
Till one day Sly Pete, an ole galoot,
Came wandering in from Scraggins Chute
And won it, boys, when he took his prick out thar,
An laid it down acrost the bar,
We fellers knewed we seen Lills fate.
But thar warnt no backin out that late.
So we arranged to have the mill
Behind the school house on the hill,
Where all the boys could see it.

Lill's start was like the summer breeze
That softly sways the cypress trees.
But when Lill screwed boys, she screwed for keeps,
And piled her victims up in heaps.
Lill screwed around and screwed until
She screwed the grass clean off the hill.
She tried her bunts and double bunts
And all the tricks whats knowed to cunts.
But Pete was with her every lick,
Still lettin out more prick.
Lill had her boots on when she fell;
So what the Hell boys, what the Hell?

--1916

THE ARSE-HOLE OF ZEUS

Old Jupiter once called a council of Gods
To settle a question which kept them at odds
And there came to Olympus both great gods and small
Deified mortals and goddesses all
The question was how to make mortals abstain
From delights of the flesh, and unlustful remain
And each of the gods had a plan of his own
Which he came to expound before Jupiter's throne.

Old Neptune had none and the god of the fish
Furthermore remarked "boo" and was heard to say "pish"
For time out of mind it's been everywhere known
That the meat that is sweetest is nearest the bone
And he claimed that it's utterly useless to try
To keep them from scragging away on the sly.

First Vulcan arose and had out his say
"I am sure that my plan is the easiest way
Fit long iron spikes round the parts of the male
So that all his attempts at coition shall fail
It's crude" he allowed "but I think it'll do."
"You're right" bellowed Neptune, "You kiss my arse too."

Minerva to battle would send all the men
Engage them in conflict and so she said then
Arrange by her magic and mystical arts
To have them all hacked in the genital parts
Till there wasn't a ball that a sword blade could hit
Old Neptune laughed hoarsely and shouted out "Shit".

Then Jupiter rose to divulge his great way
"Of all the wise council we've heard here today
My own is the safest and wisest and best
And you'll deem it I'm sure in advance of the rest.

But here all the gods got a hell of a shock
For nasty old Neptune had hauled out his cock
Got Venus half naked and flat on her back
And was soaking his Roger like hell up her crack
They all yelled together and Castor and Pollux
Grabbed hold of old Nep by the beard or the bollux
The prick or the arsehole they didn't care which
And threw out the rotten old son of a bitch.

THE ARSE-HOLE OF ZEUS (2)

When the noise had subsided Old Jupiter tried
To take up his plan where he'd laid it aside
But try as he might to explain or appound
To the wondering deities gathered around
He could only see Venus stretched out on the floor
With her pink prat atwitching away for some more.

So he got out his cock with a rush and a run
Held her down by the bobbies and scragged her like fun
The other gods all followed suit at the sight
And the goddesses got such a whaling that night
The the spattering fluid spread over the sky
And the milky way shows it quite plain to the eye.

But nasty old Neptune who'd started the rumpus
Was down by the sea raising hell with a grumpus
And calling the mermaids to come turn about
And be screwed in their turn while his pecker was out
For his John was as hard as the heart of a flint
And good for twelve hours he was without stint
And he cried as on each of their bunches he'd fall
By the arse-hole of Zeus I was right after all.

Anonymous

"Cambridge"

--1917

MY LULU

I took my Lulu to a circus
To a circus good to see
She got a hammer-lock on an elephant's cock
And wouldn't come home with me.

O bang away at Lulu
Bang away good and strong
For what are you going to do for your banging
When your Lulu's dead and gone.

I wish I were a picture
Up in Lulu's room
And everytime she let a fart
I'd smell the sweet perfume.

I wish I were a shithouse
Upon my Lulu's place
And every time she took a shit
She'd shit right in my face.

I wish I were a diamond
Upon my Lulu's hand
And everytime she wiped her ass
I'd see the promised land.

Some girls wear lace on their pants
Some girls wear them plain.
My Lulu she wears none at all
But we get there just the same.

I wish I were a pisspot
Under Lulu's bed
And everytime she took a piss
I'd see her maiden head

Some girls they use vaseline
Some girls they use lard.
My Lul simply spits on it
But she gets it just as hard.

—1917

In the cottage next to mine,
In the cottage next to mine,
There lives a married couple
And they do it all the time.
They go to bed at seven o'clock
And they don't get up till nine
There must be something doing
In the cottage next to mine.

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
Mary went to bed one night
And forgot to pull the blind.
Johnnie climbed an apple tree
And got there just in time
To see her pussy wussy
In the good old summer time.

"Tune: 'In the Good Old Summer Time'"

Anonymous—

"Cambridge"

March 3 - 1918.

The mountaineers have curly ears
They shit in their leathern breeches
They pound their cocks against the rocks
And yell like sons-of-bitches.

March 3 - 1918.

Oh ring dang doo—Oh what is that
So soft and round—like a pussy cat
So soft and round, and split in two
She said it was her ring dang doo.

She took me down into the cellar
She told me I was a damn good feller
She fed me wine and whiskey too
And let me diddle her ring dang doo.

She took me up into her bed
She put a pillow beneath my head
She took a hold of my cock a doodle doo
And shoved it in her ring dang doo.

You God damn fool, her mother said,
You've gone and lost your maiden-head
Go pack your trunk and satchel too
And go to Hell, with your ring dang doo.

She went away and became a whore
And hung a sign above her door
Come in young men, and old ones too
And have a crack at my ring dang doo.

March 3 --1918

THE OLD KING AROSE

Oh the old King arose and he put on his clothes
Sing a rooty tooty toot, sing a rooty tooty toot.
And he followed his nose to the sea shore goes.
Sing a one eye, two eye, die.

Oh fisherman, oh fisherman, I wish you very well
But have you any crab to sell.

Yes sir, yes sir, one, two, three,
And the best of these I'll sell to thee.

Oh he picked up the sea crab by the back bone--
And he tugged and he tugged till he got him clear home.

When he got home his wife was asleep--
So he put him in a piss pot six feet deep.

Oh the old Queen arose and sat on the pot
And the damned old (sea) crab grabbed her by the twot.

Old man, old man, sure as you're born,
The devil's in the piss pot, got me on his horn.

The old king arose and he lifted up her clothes,
And the damned old sea crab grabbed him by the nose.

Old lady, old lady, can't you let a fart
And blow this damn old crab apart.

Oh she heaved and she squeezed and she pooped a little bit
And she filled John Henry's face full of shit.

The old Queen rose and picked up a broom
And chased the sea crab 'round the room.

But the sea crab he did laugh up his sleeve
For he knew that he had taken French leave.

March 3 - 1918

Listen my people and to you I'll tell
The tale of a couple I once knew real well
The maid she was skinny and not very tall
The man he was large but had no balls at all.

No balls at all, no balls at all,
For she married a man who had no balls at all.

The very first night when they crawled into bed
Her cheeks they were rosy, her lips they were red
She reached for his penis and found it quite small
For she married a man who had no balls at all.

Oh mother, Oh mother, I wish I were dead
And buried along with my poor maiden head
My sorrows are many, my pleasures are small
For I've married a man who has no balls at all.

Oh daughter, Oh daughter, why are you so sad
Just do to your man like I did to your dad
There's many a man who will answer the call
Of a wife whose husband has no balls at all.

Some women are pure and free from sin
But nine out of ten have their bung holes pushed in.

Bungholes pushed in, bungholes pushed in,
But nine out of ten have their bungholes pushed in.

March 3--1918

Don't look at me that way, mister
I didn't shit on the seat
I just came down from the mountains
And me balls are itchin with gleet.

We hail from Lehigh Valley
Me and me brother Lou
We were pimps in a whore-house
And God damn good ones too.

Now I had a girl named Ivy
And she was just the stuff
There weren't nothin' wrong with her liver
By God, you couldn't give her enough.

But along came a guy named Duncan
And he was a city chap
He took her off in the mountains
And gave her a dose of clap.

Then along came a Mexican greaser
He was handsome and rich
He took her off and raped her
The pink whiskered son of a bitch.

So that's why I'm here tonight sir,
And it's here I'm going to stay
For I'll catch the runt that stole my cunt
If it takes me till judgement day.

THE WHORES LAMENT

As I walked down by King James'es Hospital
King James'es hospital one morning in May
There I espied a handsome young Hooker
All wraped in white linen as cold as the clay
Come sit down beside me my own dear Sister
Come sit down and dont mind if I cry
For the bubo's are aching and my poor heart is breaking
And with sad meditations I am going to die.

Then beat the drums lowly and play the fife slowly
Play the dead march as I'm carried along
Take me to the church-yard and lay the sod oer me
For I am a young whore and know I've done rong.

Go send for the Minister for to pray ore me
Go send for the Doctor to heal up my wound
And send for the young man that first did seduce me
So I may see him before I go home
So cruel was the man that first did seduce me
That he did not tell me in time
That I might aplied to the pills of white mercury
Now I am a young whore cut down in my prime.

Once on the street I drest in the fasion
Once on the street I dreast so gay
But it was first to the dance house and then to the ale house
And then to the Whore House and now to the clay
Let six jollie gamblers go cary my coffin
Let six flameing Whores go sing a song
And in their hands cary a bunch of wild roses
So that they cant smell me as they cary me along.

March 3 --1918

OH NOAH

"Oh Noah, Oh Noah, may I come into the ark of the Lord
For it's growing very dark and it's raining very hard?"
Tra la lu, tra la lu, tra la lu la.

"Young fellow, young fellow, you can't come into the ark of the Lord,
Though it's growing very dark, and it's raining very hard."
Tra la lu, tra la lu, tra la lu la.

"Go to Hell then, go to Hell then, go to Hell with your damned old
For it ain't going to rain very hard anyhow." [dinky scow,
Tra la lu, tra la lu, tra la lu la.

"It's a lie, sir, it's a lie, sir, it's a lie for your life for you
That it's sprinkling now, going to rain like Hell." [know damn well
Tra la lu, tra la lu, tra la lu la.

"Oh Noah, Oh Noah, you damned old son of a tightwad you,
I do not care to ride with you."
Tra la lu, tra la lu, tra la lu la.

"Young fellow, young fellow, your plea for life ain't worth a shit
So get the Hell off my good ship."
Tra la lu, tra la lu, tra la lu la.

THE KEY HOLE IN THE DOOR

We left the parlor early, I think it was scarcely nine
When by some happy fortune her room was next to mine
Resolved like bold Columbus new regions to explore
I took a snug position by the key hole in the door.

Then stooping down in silence arresting on one knee
Most patiently I waited to see what I could see
She first took off her collar it fell upon the floor
I saw her stoop to get it through the key hole in the door.

This fair maid then proceeded took off her pretty dress
And then her under garments some fifty more or less
But to tell the truth sincerely I think there were a score
But I could not count correctly through the key hole in the door.

Then up before the mirror this lovely maiden stood
Reviewing the rich beauty that favored in her blood
My hair uprose like brussels upon an angry bore
Great God I felt like jumping through the key hole in the door.

Then down upon the carpet she sat with graceful ease
Lifting up her chemise above her sparkling knees
Two sky blue garters on either leg she wore
I watch this pretty process through the key hole in the door.

Then up before the fire her little feet to warm
With nothing but a chemise to conceal her lovely form
I cries take off that chemise and I'll ask for nothing more
You bet I saw her do it through the key hole in the door.

You dreaming men of science constrain your eager eyes
And gaze upon the planets and decorated skies
This world is more implanted than you or I implore.
But a telescope is nothing to a key hole in a door.

FLASH NELL

There is a young damsel, a damsel of fame,
 A Moll of the Highway, Flash Nell is her name.
 She cruised in "the Bay" and loudly did bawl,
 "Rig out your long jib booms, you bellox and all."

Her dress she unbent; she brailed up her chemise,
 And hauled down her silk stockings my actions to please.
 She slipped my jib boom 'tween her lily white thighs,
 Saying "Bli' me young sailor, oh ain't it a size."

I rode her a watch and an hour or so more,
 'Till my jib boom fell limber and my bobstay grew sore,
 I emptied my bellox and felt I was done,
 No charge in the locker to fire off my gun.

For quarter, "Oh quarter," to her I did cry,
 "No quarter bold sailor," Flash Nell did reply;
 "You have the best quarters that I can afford;
 So, 'turn to' with your fucking or jump overboard."

Singing fal the ral dadée dal de dal dal day.

"The above dates probably from the middle of the last century, when Ratcliffe Highway, London, was at it's 'best' teeming with whores and 'Homeward Bounders' from the Indias China and Australia. 'The Bay' was a sailor designation for Tiger Bay or Pennington Street. It lies off and paralell with the Ratcliffe Highway."

July 4, 1899

AN INCIDENT OF THE LATE WAR

Don Camara, Don Camara, you are a funny creature;
 You've given to this cruel war a new and curious feature.
 You'd have us think, while every man is bound to be a fighter,
 The women (bless the pretty dears) should save their P for nitre.

Don Camara, Don Camara, where did you get the notion
 To send your barrels round the town to gather up the lotion?
 We thought the woman's duty done in keeping house and diddling,
 But now you'd put the pretty dears to patriotic piddling.

Don Camara, Don Camara, do pray invent a neater
 And somewhat less immodest way of making your Saltpetre.
 The thing's so very queer you know, gunpowder-like and cranky,
 That when a lady "jerks her brine" she shoots a bloody yankee.

—O—

[One copy of the above was sent home to New York where a wag saw it and sent the following reply:—]

Don Camara, Don Camara, we've read in song and story,
 How women's tears in all these years have sprinkled fields of glory;
 But ne'er before did women help their braves in deeds of slaughter
 Till Spanish beauties dried their tears and went to making water.

No wonder, Don, your boys are brave,—who would not be a fighter,
 If every time he shot a gun he used his sweetheart's nitre?
 And vice versa, what would make a Yankee soldier sadder
 Than dodging bullets fired from a pretty woman's bladder?

We've heard it said a subtle smell still lingered in this powder
 And as the smoke grew thicker and the din of battle louder,
 That there was found in this compound a serious objection,—
 The soldiers could not sniff it without getting an erection.

'Tis clear now why desertion is common in our ranks;
 An Artie nature's needed to withstand Dame Nature's pranks.
 A Yankee boy can't stand the press when once he's had a smell;
 He's got to have a "bit" or bust,—the cause can go to Hell.

[At the top of the broadside is the following:—]

The latest accounts to hand state that the value of the ammunition used by Admiral Dewey at the bombardment of Manila was only £9,400 and by the Atlantic fleet at Santiago about £20,000. At Manila 5,681 projectiles are now said to have been fired and at Santiago 7,581 shells.

July 4, 1899

AN INCIDENT OF THE LATE WAR (2)

During the latter period of the Spanish-American War, the supply of Ammunition in the Spanish Camp was so short that a member of their Ordnance Department devised a scheme for providing the necessary ingredient, Saltpetre; and as an experiment inserted the following advertisement in a Manila Newspaper:--

'The ladies of Manila are respectfully requested to preserve their Chamber Lye as it is very needful to the cause of Spain in the manufacture of nitre, a necessary ingredient of gunpowder. Wagons with barrels will be sent to residences daily to collect and remove the same.'

(Sgd.) 'Don Camara'

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Manila, P. I., July 4th, 1899.

SALLY

Sally, Sally, sitting in a shoe shining shop.
When she sits she shines all day,
When she shines she sits all day,
Sally, Sally, sitting in a shoe shining shop.

Anonymous

AS I WAS GOING TO SALISBURY

As I was going to Salisbury
Upon a market day,
Why, there I met a pretty fair maid
And she was going my way
And she was going my way, Sir,
With butter and eggs to sell,
And we jogged along together,
With a titti-for-aw-for-el.

And as we jogged along, Sir,
Side by side,
By some strange chance it happened, Sir,
That her garter came untied,
Her garter came untied, Sir,
A hands breadth o'er the knee,
And we jogged along together,
With a titti-for-aw-for-el.

And would you be so very good,
And would you be so free,
And would you be so very good
As to do it up for me,
Why yes, fair maid, and that I will
When we get to yonder hill
And we jogged along together
With a titti-for-aw-for-el.

When yonder hill was reached, Sir,
The grass it was so green
That the tying up of that garter, Sir,
Was the prettiest sight e'er seen
For she spread wide her lilly white thighs,
And I slipped in between,
And we jogged along together
With a titti-for-aw-for-eeen.

And now I must be going, Sir,
My butter and eggs are sold,
And I have lost my maiden head
Which makes my heart run cold,
For I have lost my maiden head
To a man that I abhore,
And he's a dirty son of a bitch
And I'm a bloody whore.

As I was strollin' round and round,
Huntin' fun in ivery quarther,
I stopped meself in a little Dutch inn
An' ordhered up me gin an' wather,
 One-eyed Reilly,
 Two-eyed Reilly,
Ho for the land of the one-eyed Reillys!"

[Correspondence. Unknown, undated newspaper clipping,
signed F. Gregory Hartswick.]

The old red bull came down from the mountain,
 You, St. John,
 You, St. John,
The old red bull came down from the mountain,
 A long--time--ago.

[Correspondence. Unknown, undated newspaper clipping
signed F. Gregory Hartswick.]

THE COWBOY'S LAMENT

[Article entitled "Spring Man Claims Authorship of Famous Old Cowboy Ballad" clipped from [Denver, Colorado ?] Sunday Gazette and Telegraph, January 27, 1924, claiming it was written by F. H. Maynard in 1876.]

[See correspondence.]